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THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF BRAZIL

Portraits of the Nations Series

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- THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES
and others

THE LAND AND PEOPLE *of* BRAZIL

BY ROSE BROWN



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CHAPTER I

*** Half of South America ***

IT IS HARD to talk about the United States of Brazil without constantly using the superlatives, biggest and most. To begin with, Brazil is the biggest country in South America by far. It is three times as large as Argentina, and eight times the size of Colombia or Bolivia. Compared with North America, Alaska must be added to the United States, or the frozen islands of the Arctic to Canada, in order to give either of them a larger area. And in all the rest of the world, only the Soviet Union and China have more territory.

When it comes to Brazil's geography, her rivers are the longest, especially the Amazon and its branches. Ocean-going ships can ascend it for two thousand miles, away up into Peru, and the entire basin drained by the Amazon is twice as big as that of the Mississippi. There are nearly a hundred navigable tributaries, and, counting some that extend into neighboring lands, steamboats can travel on these for more than twenty thousand miles, or nearly the distance around the world.

Along the banks are the greatest jungles, with so many varieties of trees they have never been counted. One Amazon sawmill company sets the number of different woods at seven thousand, ranging from the hardest and heaviest iron wood that sinks in water, to the lightest balsa wood that floats like a cork and yet is so strong it is used for airplane frames.

What Brazilians call the *Platina* river system—made up of the Paraná, Paraguay and Uruguay rivers at the other end, the extreme south of this vast country—rivals the Amazon. One of them, the Paraguay, drains the biggest marshlands on earth. And the

Paraná River has the world's greatest waterfalls, Sete Quedas, Seven Falls.

Few countries can match the length of Brazil's coast line, which measures 5000 miles, much longer than the Atlantic plus the Pacific coasts of our United States.

The deepest gold mine in the world is also in Brazil, as well as the heaviest rainfall.

Of course in the United States we know this country chiefly through coffee, because the average adult American drinks three cups every day. Two of these cupfuls come from Brazil, and no other coffee country except Colombia adds more than a few spoonfuls.

During the race to produce the most cocoa beans, in World War II, Brazil pushed up into first place. In tobacco raising, she produces enough for home consumption and for export.

Heading her list of seafood and wild life are the largest oysters, biggest frogs, alligators, snakes and birds, in existence.

These are only samples of the superlatives needed to describe one-half of South America that is occupied by the United States of Brazil, but enough to show that if you are going to travel over the vast distances of this unusual country you must invent a pair of stratosphere spectacles. For it is so immense that otherwise you could never see much of it, even from the fast-flying airplane you are now going to take in Miami, Florida. Your stratosphere spectacles will have to be sunglasses as well, for your plane will head at once for the tropics, where the light is very strong.

But first, to get your bearings, look at the map of the world, or, better, take a piece of string and make a preliminary trip on the library globe. Hold down one end of the string on the southern part of Florida. Stretch it as straight as you can between there and Rio de Janeiro. And you will see the shortest route, a beeline, that you are going to travel. Perhaps your plane will bend it a little here and there, to come down where the airports have been built. But it will be about as direct as a crow could fly, across the

Caribbean Sea, and Venezuela, to make the first Brazilian stop in the city of Manaus. Then it goes over the wildest Wild West of Brazil, where airports for refueling are relatively new constructions; and following your string all the way to Rio de Janeiro, you have covered four thousand miles.

This way down is the Great Circle Route. It gets its name from following the curve or circle of the earth's surface along the shortest distance between two stopping points. There could be no more direct line unless it were possible for you to dive under the crust of the earth and travel through it like an angleworm.

Now that you are all ready, know just where you are going, and have put on your stratosphere spectacles, you are off on the first long hop, 2500 miles from Miami. You will land in Manaus, just on the other side of the Equator, in the depths of the Brazilian jungle. If your magic spectacles are working properly, you will begin to get a bee's-eye view of Brazil soon after you cross the Caribbean.

The first thing you notice is that Brazil is almost the same shape as the continent of South America. It is a rough triangle, with a trailing lower corner. Since it is the biggest of all equatorial nations, most of it lies in the Tropic Zone, actually between the Equator and the Tropic of Capricorn. But Brazil's extreme south extends down into the Temperate Zone. These are the three comparatively cold states of Paraná, Santa Catarina and Rio Grande do Sul. For in the rest of Brazil snow or frost is almost never seen. And even down in the southern tail, snow is such a great curiosity that when it falls people run out with cameras to take pictures of it.

The reason the triangle of Brazil is so ragged around the edges is because nearly all her boundaries are natural ones, made by water. The eastern point, which we might call the bulge of Brazil, extends far out into the Atlantic Ocean, much farther east than any other spot in the Western Hemisphere. Because it is only 1600 miles from Africa, the city of Natal, at the extreme

edge of this bulge, became the jumping-off-place for United States warplanes on the way to Africa and the Mediterranean.

Nearly 10,000 miles of interior borders touch every other South American country except Chile and Ecuador. Many of these borders are rivers that wind in and out between Brazil and her neighbors. Because they are flooded regularly every year in rainy seasons, they are always changing, making the dividing lines even more irregular.

In the north, the Oyapoc River separates Brazil from French Guiana, and two branches of the Rio Branco flow between British Guiana and Brazil. The Javary River forms a long boundary with Peru. The Madeira, Beni, and Paraguay rivers make boundaries with Bolivia. Portions of both the Paraná and Paraguay run between her and Paraguay in the south, and the Uruguay River makes most of the separation between Brazil and Argentina. Besides these, dozens of streams, too small to count for much of anything else, are very useful in the wildest regions as boundary markers.

In general, you see through those stratosphere spectacles three great river systems, into which all of these streams flow, draining practically all of the land. In the north there is the Amazon. In the center and south, the Platina rivers, consisting of the Paraguay, Paraná, and Uruguay. And on the Atlantic side, the long Rio São Francisco, that Brazilians call their River of Unity, because in early history it connected the interiors of the important coastal states. It gave settlers transportation, kept them in touch with each other, and thus made it possible for them to become friends and join together in one nation.

In fact, as you examine this immense piece of the earth's surface through your special eyeglasses the most conspicuous markings on and around it are the rivers, so widely separated they look like wiggly lines. They make you think of veins and arteries of the circulatory system of the human body shown on a chart in a physiology book. And they have been just as important, too, in

circulating people throughout Brazil. See how towns lie along the rivers, like beads on a string. For settlements and civilization followed the coast and then the rivers, from the earliest times. Even now, back from the waterways there are great stretches without a single village. You can't see in those wastelands so much as a plume of smoke rising from a pioneer's shack or Indian camp, for there is scarcely one inhabitant to a hundred square miles.

Except around the first cities, there were almost no roads for wheeled vehicles. The narrow trails were rough and frequently steep and dangerous. So all traveling had to be done by horseback or on foot. Elegant people were carried in sedan chairs by slaves or even in hammocks hung from human shoulders. If the trails permitted, a litter on shafts was hung between two mules, one in front of the other. Inside this contraption, that was like an oversized trunk, a passenger or two rode at ease, while a driver at the head of each mule kept the animals in step.

The first railroad was not built until 1854. It was not quite nine miles in length. Longer lines followed in the next twenty years, but, even now, they amount to only about 21,000 miles, which would just about measure around the perimeter of Brazil. As you look down at the country from above, single railroads can be seen straggling inward for short distances from the coast, all along the northern part. Networks of rails exist only around Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte and the South. In fact, only six of Brazil's twenty states actually have anything approaching railway service. Rail transportation has not kept up with the growth of the country, and, fortunately, now it will never need to; for Brazil has partly skipped over the railroad age and is now leaping along on motor highways and airways.

It was the mountains that held back railroad building. For all along the central coast those great steep cliffs you see coming down almost to the sea, break into ragged ranges farther inland, with difficult passes. This rough country was once covered with

forests of hard timber, such as mahogany and dyewood, that brought wealth to early settlers. But it also made a rocky barrier a hundred to two hundred miles deep, that kept settlements from spreading back from the ocean. And later it was a serious problem for railroad engineers. One wonders what the early history of the United States would have been had the Allegheny Mountains, like the coastal range of Brazil, risen almost out of the Atlantic Ocean, isolating the port cities and the interior of the country, from Boston all the way to Charleston.

You can see that these mountains have nothing to boast about, *except their great age. Some geologists think they were the first land to show itself on the South American continent.* But no superlative can be used to describe their size. For, including all the other patchy mountainous spots, along the Guiana and Venezuela borders and west of the São Francisco River, there are no great heights that can be compared with those of the Andes. There are no young volcanos either, still hot and smoking. These are old, tired mountains. Their granite sides are worn sharp and bare by the constant chipping of tropical rains and heat for thousands of years, so that the highest peaks are now not much more than nine thousand feet. The bare crystalline rocks, some of them almost needle sharp, that range in color from pink to black, are peculiar to the Brazilian landscape. They break up through endless masses of green lush verdure that extend from Venezuela and the Guianas to the great southern plains, down to Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay, except for a region of dunes and desert that makes a white patch across the bulge of Brazil. And even here are deep fringes of palm trees.

When Brazilians consider their own geography, they use the word *Pindorama*, which has a very special meaning. Their Pindorama is all the wide views your magic spectacles have been showing you, the rims of mountains along the coast and northern borders, the three endless rivers spreading out into inland seas, or dashing over their terrific waterfalls down to the Atlantic, and

the eternal greenery of forest and pampas. Besides, there are all the little glimpses of tropical flowers and trees hung with fruit, that are an important part of the beauty Brazilians think of as their Pindorama. This extends above the earth to include the too brilliant sun that lights it by day, and the bright constellation of the Southern Cross that shines down at night. Both are so much beloved that some Brazilians say they are still sun-worshippers like so many South American Indians, and the Southern Cross on the Brazilian flag really represents their national idealism.

The Indians who invented the word Pindorama gave it the original meaning, "Land of Palm Trees." This was accurate, for there are palms everywhere, even down to the southernmost and coolest frontiers. At least a dozen species bear nuts and fruits that greatly enrich the nation. And uncounted dozens more furnish useful fibers besides beautifying the landscape. When Brazilians go away from home, especially into northern countries, they miss their sun and their Southern Cross. But most of all they miss their palms. The favorite classic poem of all Brazil is one written a long time ago by a homesick Brazilian poet in Paris, Gonçalves Dias. It begins:

*"Minha terra tem palmeiras
Onde canta o sabid.
As aves que aqui gorgeiam
Não gorgeiam como lá."*

*"My land has palm trees
Where the mocking bird sings.
But the birds that warble here
Can't make melody like ours."*

CHAPTER II

*** The Great Circle Route ***

As YOUR Great Circle Route plane approaches the division between Venezuela and Brazil, there is no way to tell where one country begins and the other ends. In places the border is marked by the ridges of low mountain ranges, in others by a waterfall, an enormous rock, or unbroken, high, dry plains rimmed by mountains where there are no visible landmarks.

Great herds of horses and cattle graze below, tended by wild cowboys who are part Indian. Perhaps you think if you could listen to them talk, you could tell where the Spanish language of Venezuela leaves off and the Portuguese of Brazil takes its place. But most likely they are speaking a dialect of the Carib Indians who once inhabited the West Indies and all territories bordering on the Caribbean Sea to which they gave their proud name.

In this vast empty region of the watershed, between the Orinoco and the Amazon, a canal connects the two great river systems. So a canoe could start at the mouth of the Orinoco in Venezuela and go down the Amazon, deep into the great woods, Mato Grosso State, of Brazil.

As soon as you are across the border you are flying above the territory of Rio Branco, White River, one of the six Brazilian territories which are directly under the federal government, like Alaska and Indian Territory in the United States. Although Rio Branco was only incorporated in 1943, it is old, old country, as your magic spectacles will show you. For at the fork of the two streams that unite to form the White River are the ruins of Saint Joaquim Castle, a fort and military settlement constructed by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century. It is a lasting monument

to the struggle between the Spaniards and the Portuguese for the ownership of these far-away lands.

Over in the Venezuelan borderlands at that time, Spanish missionaries built a church and settlement much too close for Portuguese comfort. They began to convert and make friends of the Indians. So the Portuguese fort was put up as a warning that the Spaniards could encroach no farther. There is a small town here now. And farther down the Rio Branco is a larger one, also a missionary settlement, Boa Vista, founded by Franciscan monks about seventy-five years ago. But such river villages are so few and far between that there is no regular steamer service. Launches and canoes are the only way out.

The Rio Negro, Black River, is the only other highway into the northwest of Brazil, and along it there are enough towns to have a monthly steamship. Most striking of these is São Gabriel, a very pretty place where the curiously green-black water of the river falls in a series of cataracts.

Now you cross the imaginary line of the Equator, and are flying over the biggest of Brazil's twenty states, Amazonas, six times the size of Italy.

The floor far below you looks like cut velvet, smooth and bottle-green in color. The plains and mountain ridges have suddenly merged into the rich selva of the true Amazon basin, that covers nearly half of Brazil. Brazil has two-thirds of the great Amazon, and the other third is divided between Peru, Colombia and Ecuador, with Peru occupying the largest share.

These enormous regions are the home of a dozen or more tribes of Indians, some masters of beautiful primitive arts, some living like nomads, others half-civilized through contacts with the many missions scattered along the Rio Branco and the Rio Negro, into which the Rio Branco flows. Here thin trails of smoke float up from Indian settlements. Some of these places are still so wild and dangerous that engineers, making maps or exploring for gold and

diamonds in the mountains beyond, stay close to the rivers when they can.

They may be afraid for their lives, but not so much for their property. For the story is told of a North American who recently went gold mining up in Rio Branco. In about six months he had taken out \$150,000 in nuggets and gold dust. All the way back to Manaus he was so elated that he kept showing the glittering stuff to everyone he met along the route, all the poor half-Indian rubber gatherers and men who hunt wild pigs for their skins.

No one robbed him, because—as in our own wilderness day—both Indians and backwoodsmen were honest.

You wonder what it would be like if you yourself were down there, underneath that solid stretch of green, with the gold miners, the rubber gatherers, and the Indians who still hunt with blow-pipes and poisoned darts. You picture pumas and jaguars stalking wild pigs and capybaras, while monkeys swing down from the branches above and chatter warnings and big snakes slide through the brush. Not to mention anteaters, tapirs and sloths. But any rubber gatherer would tell you that these creatures, like most wild animals, will run away from human beings. And so you would probably see nothing more than a monkey or two in a high safe tree, dodging out of sight into the foliage.

Presently the rich dark carpet begins rising to meet you. Your stratosphere spectacles can come off now, for you want to see close-ups with your own eyes. You can pick out some trees that are in bloom with big red blossoms and see others that open out like a giant's umbrella over the heads of all the rest. These are the ones that bear the Brazil nuts this region sends all over the world. Streams appear, and you see a red dirt road. You are coming down.

The city of Manaus, in its nest of green, becomes pink because of its red-tiled roofs and clay banks. And the river that runs past is dark, because it is the Rio Negro, the Black River. It widens out, almost like a lake, and below the city another river even

wider joins it, the great Amazon. The Rio Negro puts up a big fight that can easily be seen from the plane. The black waters struggle with the yellow Amazon in long twisting lines that push each other back and forth, with foam and spinning whirlpools. The dark clear Rio Negro flow spreads out over the Amazon like oil. But eventually its edges cloud with tawny mud, and are gobbled up by the bigger golden flood, and the Amazon flows on as yellow as before.

You have scarcely stepped out of the plane before you feel the hot, moist air, which reminds you that you just crossed the Equator a while ago. But there is a pleasant breeze from the river. And the people who live here, whom you see as you taxi in from the airfield, do not seem to feel warm. In fact, although all men have on wash suits, many of them white, they are wearing coats and vests and most of them neckties. That is because Manaus is still a little old-fashioned Portuguese and thinks it is not polite for a man to appear in public without his coat. A few of the younger ones have become reckless enough to discard their ties, but others just leave them untied.

The women all look very smart in summer dresses and high-heeled barefoot shoes which they wear all the year round. More modern than the men, they try to keep cool and comfortable by going without stockings.

My, the sun is hot! and when you get out in the center of town the sidewalk burns through your leather soles. But by evening it will be lovely and fresh, with that breeze from the river. If you happen to arrive in winter, that is in the rainy season, you will hear people talking about how cold they were during the night, although the thermometer probably did not go below seventy.

As Brazilian towns go, Manaus is very new, less than a hundred years old. While Belém, a thousand miles down the Amazon, but the nearest big city, was founded more than three hundred years ago.

Manaus has long been the capital of the state of Amazonas and

today it looks about like it did at the beginning of this century. For it has a curious history. When it was discovered that the milk of the rubber tree could be made into all sorts of marvelous things, raincoats, rubbers and combs, people flocked in crowds to the then little town of Manaus. Rubber trees in great numbers were growing wild in the surrounding jungle. Workers from other Brazilian states came to gather it, merchants to buy and sell it. Speculators followed, seeing a way to get rich over night. Many fortunes were made. Beautiful homes were put up with building stone, tiles, and fixtures imported from Europe. The sleepy village of Manaus grew into a city overnight, not like a gold-rush town in the United States, with unpaved streets and flimsy wooden houses, but as a small imitation of Paris and Lisbon. A million dollar opera house was put up, and opera companies came from Italy to play there. Then suddenly there was a great yield of rubber from the Orient where seeds stolen from Brazil had been planted. The price fell. The market for the more expensive Brazilian rubber was gone. Many Brazilians were ruined. But the big rubber town of Manaus did not die with the rubber business. It just stayed civilized and went to sleep.

That is the reason, as you look about, that you do not see any skyscrapers. But although no opera troupes arrive now from Italy or anywhere, the expensive Opera House stands just as it was in the boom days. And so do many handsome homes and substantial stores, giving the entire town the effect of a movie set for a picture showing life half a century ago. It all looks foreign, for the architecture is Portuguese. Residences are usually built flush with the street, like business buildings. And windows, which are open every day of the year, ordinarily have iron bars. Otherwise passers-by could reach right into the front rooms. Back of each house is a garden full of tropical shrubs and flowers, and behind the garden is a *quintal*, a little orchard, with a few fruit trees, a chicken yard, and a tiny vegetable garden on stilts to keep it up above the ants that devour everything in these parts. There is

room here for the pets, too. For every household has wild animals born in the jungle, but caught when small and raised along with the children. Monkeys, lemures, wild pigs, capybaras, and some of the smaller wild cats, all make affectionate—and usually the most spoiled—members of the family. There are always singing birds in cages and talking parrots on perches.

You hear people singing, too, back in the kitchen or in the *quintal*, unless it is the siesta hour after lunch when everybody goes to sleep. There is a general air of easy-going contentment, but not what people of northern climates call luxury, even in the more pretentious houses. Glimpses you get through the open doors and windows show interiors that seem quite bare. There are few curtains or hangings to keep out the air. Over-stuffed chairs and davenports which would quickly become mildewed, are rare indeed. Cane seated ones are better, and cooler besides. There are almost no rugs under which tropical bugs and cameleons can play hide-and-seek with you. In fact all floors are either of very hard wood, waxed until a bug cannot walk on them without being in danger of breaking a leg; or they are of tile so they can be washed every day or two. And if you peek into some of the sleeping rooms you will be surprised, for you are not likely to see a bed, although the rest of the bedroom set may be there. For all Amazonians prefer to sleep in pretty, washable and airy hammocks. A few of these are real works of art and very expensive. But most of them are of hand-woven cotton, with wide lace hanging down from each side. When not strung between their two wall hooks for the night or a nap, they are tied up out of the way. If you live in one of these houses for a while, and then go back to the States, your own house there will seem stuffy and cluttered.

The main avenues in the center of Manaus are wide and well paved. Some of them are shaded on both sides by great trees where orchids bloom in season. There are many pretty green parks, full of flowers all the year round. Up-to-date movie houses,

dime stores, beauty shops, taxi stands and streetcars make it hard for you to believe that a few minutes ago your plane was winging over one of the wildest regions in the world.

But the pleasantest thing you see is a row of sidewalk cafés where you will want to stop for an ice. For that is what everyone else does at almost any hour of the day, but especially in the late afternoon and evening. Foreigners like to patronize the "Americana" because of the name, although to Brazilians "Americana" means principally South American. Families with their children are sitting at the tables in easy wicker chairs under the awnings. You listen. They are talking Portuguese like all the people passing by.

Then you hear some English. It comes from a table of men in cool sports suits, with short sleeves and collars open at the throat. They are North Americans who are here because of lumber, hides, or the war-revived rubber business.

You look up at the list of ices served today and do not know what to order. They have the queerest names. But one of the Americans offers to translate for you. *Abacate*, he tells you, is Portuguese for avocado, which originally was Spanish. *Abacaxi* is pronounced ah-baa-kah-she and is just pineapple. *Murity* and *burity* are two different kinds of palm fruits with heavy perfumy flavors. *Cajù* is a scarlet fruit out of which a single cashew nut hangs, unlike any other nut in the world. *Tamarindo* is the very sour pulp around a bean that grows in a pod on the tamarind tree; when mixed with water and sugar and frozen, it is especially refreshing. And *cocô* ice is made out of milk squeezed from grated fresh coconut. Any one of them, the American says, is delicious in this hot climate. So you choose "tamarindo" because it sounds strangest. And the American kindly offers to help you with the language if you want anything else. He has been here a long time and knows all about the country, for he travels up and down the rivers buying chicle, the rubbery sap of a tree out of which our chewing gum is made.

You are very glad of his help when the time comes to pay, for you must cash a traveler's check and get your first Brazilian currency. The bills and coins look very confusing. You learn that the unit of value is the *cruzeiro*, which is about equal to three American cents. There are one-cruzeiro and two-cruzeiro notes as well as coins. Fives, tens, twenties, and on up, only come in paper money. The smaller coins are called *centavos*, for there are a hundred of them to the cruzeiro. The smallest represent ten centavos, since nothing sells for less, not even a postage stamp. While the smiling waiter stands by, you figure out the combination to pay him. It's really as simple as dollars, dimes and cents, because it is based on the same decimal system as ours.

Now that you have money in your pocket, you will want to go to market. That is what all wise travelers do first anyway, for it is the best way to learn a great deal, quickly, about how the people live. And the colorful Manaus market does not disappoint you in anything, for it is full of all the tropical atmosphere that visitors expect. Up flights of stairs, under a big open building by the river, it offers the strangest fish, fruits and vegetables. There are booths full of everything that river dwellers need, from pottery and fishing tackle, to straw hats and yard goods.

What probably will astonish you most are the enormous turtles brought in upside down with care, on the heads of small brown men. They seem much too heavy for one man, since they are often a yard wide and must weigh over two hundred pounds. You follow the carriers back to the water's edge and find they are unloading a whole sailboat full of these monsters, that bring about ten dollars apiece.

Dozens of such boats are drawn up along the shore, like a Chinese sampan village, and they have brought all sorts of cargo. Many are dugouts made from single huge tree trunks. Others are built like launches. All have both sails and paddles. But few are equipped with motors. Boat roofs are a big mat or two of plaited palm leaves, under which families keep dry and cool. Or they

camp alongside, keeping little fires going, to cook a red clay pot of stew and boil water for their constant coffee drinking. They are completely at home, for this whole region, for thousands of miles, is a world afloat, as much at ease in boats as on dry land.

The scene is curious and colorful. Children play around as if in their own front yards, or take naps curled up away from the sun. Families are eating. The meal, spread on the boat seats, always consists of a big roasted fish broken in portions, and half a gourd full of something that looks like coarse yellow cornmeal. This is *farinha de agua* or manioc meal processed in water, the bread of the entire Amazon basin. For dessert there are bananas, or perhaps some other fruit brought from home, occasionally sugar buns or a sponge cake bought in the market with some of the day's profits.

Now watch the table manners of one of these families. They eat a piece of fish, then daintily dip all of their fingertips into a bowl of *farinha* for a big pinch of this staff of life, lift it within a foot of their mouths and toss it in. Never a grain falls or touches their lips. Even children have learned to do the trick neatly, for it is the proper and mannerly way to eat this bread substitute.

Another formality of fish eating is to separate the bones with the tongue and tuck them away in the mouth at one side, against the cheek, as a squirrel carries a nut. When the fish is finished, the bones are all spat out together, which is considered much more polite than to take them out one at a time, especially if the fish is a very boney variety.

These country folk have many habits and customs of their own, which they have inherited with their half-Indian blood. For they are *caboclos*, descendants of the Portuguese who married Indian women in the early days. They make up most of the population of the Amazon Valley. And nowhere are there more gently bred, polite, and considerate people. They are proud, too, although usually quite poor. And they are very intelligent, yet few of them have had the opportunity for more than a primary education.

Beyond this riverside scene, brightly painted houseboats are anchored at quite a distance off shore. Their cunning little windows and porch railings remind you of a lake resort back home. Canoes come and go, up and down the vast flowing river, people climb out of them into one of the house boats, stay awhile, then slide down into their own dugouts, carrying packages. These are a specialty of all Amazon rivers—floating stores that carry a little of everything. When trade becomes dull here, they go on trips, anchoring at farms and settlements to trade. Customers need no money, for the storekeeper swaps salt, kerosene, matches, cloth and dime-store novelties including drugs and remedies, for anything the farmer raises.

It is interesting to watch the river market families start off for home. A canoe that looks about big enough for two will be loaded to the water's edge with father, mother, all the children and one neighbor or half a dozen. When it seems it will not hold another ounce without sinking, up rushes the dog who has almost been forgotten. He pushes through to the bow, and takes his place as the figurehead. Then a couple of the men pick up their hand-carved paddles, and no one else dares to move a muscle until they tie up at their own doorstep. No doubt their house stands on stilts, to keep from floating away at high water, like all you see here along the bank, as well as the big Manaus market itself.

Sails are hoisted on larger boats. They pick up the wind and shoot out into the stream. One man who has no sail, stretches his hammock from a mast and breezes along. Another sticks a little tree, thick with foliage, upright between his sacks of provision and the cross seat, and uses that for what is playfully called an "Amazon Sail." A motor launch chugs away with half a dozen hitchhiking little boats towed behind. It is a friendly custom of the region, called an "Amazon train," and saves a whole lot of paddling.

After seeing so much life afloat, it is not surprising to find that the immense and ponderous modern steamship docks near by are

floating, too. For they must rise about thirty feet with the river when the rainy season comes. Big ships from Europe and the United States, as well as coast liners from southern Brazil are unloading everything from tinned food to automobiles. And they load up again with jute, Brazil nuts, rubber, dried fish, salted animal hides, lumber, extract of rosewood used in making perfumes, and tonka beans used as a vanilla substitute that make the docks smell like a candy factory.

Perhaps Manaus did go to sleep after the bubble of rubber burst. But she looks wide awake again. And with all these products, and her wonderful central location for air traffic, she is likely to again become one of the most important cities of Brazil.

As you spiral upward the next morning, to begin the eighteen-hundred mile stretch from Manaus to Rio de Janeiro, you see one of these ships getting ready to leave. Black smoke is pouring out of her funnels. It makes a sooty smudge in the clear air over the otherwise spotless city. And then you realize for the first time why Manaus has looked so clean. There are almost no smoking chimneys here. Houses in this climate have no central heating. Cooking is done over wood or charcoal fires, or on electric ranges. No railroad locomotives puff and snort cinders over ugly warehouses and tenements. The brewery and electric works, which have the only factory smokestacks in town, burn wood, too, since endless amounts of it can be cut without making a dent in the forests.

As you wing across the Rio Negro and the Amazon, to head southeast over the jungle again, you say a special goodbye to those two lonely smokestacks, for you will not see another until you reach Rio. And before you know it, you have crossed the Rio Madeira, Wood River, so called because of the many trees that break away from its banks and go racing down its swift current. You are now over a region that is especially interesting to North Americans, because of Theodore Roosevelt's exploration of the "River of Doubt" in 1913-1914, and his book about it called

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. He and his party followed this unknown stream for four hundred miles until they reached the Madeira River. Since there was then no more doubt about this upper branch of the Madeira it was renamed Roosevelt River.

Traveling these four hundred miles had taken that expedition two months, but your plane could go down the Roosevelt River to the Madeira in a little more than an hour. That is the reason there are now no more rivers to explore. All the important ones have been photographed and mapped by geographers in airplanes, without any danger of Indians. But if your plane happens to sweep low enough over one of their villages, Indians might still rush out into the open and shoot arrows at it.

The Roosevelt-Rondon Expedition was about forty years ago. General Rondon, although now old, is still in charge of the welfare of Brazilian Indians. But the airplane has completely changed the business of exploring. For it can hop right over the dangerous cataracts that have long held up travel by water along the upper tributaries of the Amazon.

And that makes you an explorer yourself, an airplane-chair adventurer, which is the easy way exploring can be done these days. You are certainly covering the ground, so far above it, as you sweep out of the state of Amazonas, over a corner of Pará, third in size of Brazil's states, and enter Mato Grosso, the Big Woods state that is next in area to Amazonas, and almost as large as Peru.

If you put on your stratosphere spectacles now, and look about eight hundred miles to the west you will see one of the things missing in Manaus, a railroad, known as the Madeira-Mamoré Railway. Although it is hidden away in this deep wilderness, it was built at the beginning of this century by engineers from the United States. It runs along the Madeira River, but far above the place where those Roosevelt-Rondon canoes shot out into this fast-flowing River of Wood. This jungle railway runs around the many rapids of this river along the border of Bolivia, through

the new Territory of Guaporé. Ships and launches coming down the Beni River in Bolivia, and the Mamoré River in Brazil, unload into their freight cars—that carry rubber, hides, and all sorts of tropical products—240 miles past the falls to the frontier town of Porto Velho. There they are reloaded into ships going down the Madeira River to the Amazon, and thus to the Atlantic Ocean. So dangerous was the construction of this road, mostly from malaria and other illnesses, it is said one man died for every railroad tie that was laid. The history of the only railroad in the middle of the South American Continent shows the reasons why there has never been another.

In the state of Mato Grosso, nature has made another marvel to rival this unique railway. On one of its rivers farther south people actually walk on the water, just as big birds travel miraculously across the great leaves of aqua regia lilies on Amazonian ponds. These river men walk, instead, on a green mat of a parasitic plant that grows so strong and thick on top of the stream it holds up their weight.

A settlement takes shape below the plane. You are losing altitude. Perhaps it is about to land for refueling. But no, the pilot is merely dipping down to let the passengers see a village of the Chavantes Indians. He would not dare to stop if he could, for these Chavantes are still quite savage and defend their territory fiercely against intruders by land, water, or air. They have their own style of dwellings, covered with thatch and shaped like enormous beehives. They build around the edges of a cleared circle, within which they keep their provisions up on high poles, away from animals and insects. Travelers in planes see all that is known about this tribe, so again you feel like an explorer.

Soon you are descending, coming down for gas in the newest of Wild West towns, Aragarças, named for the Araguaya and Garças rivers which join here. So far there are only a few dozen brick houses and a dozen more of thatch. When the airfield was built here, curious backwoodsmen came up to the planes and tried to

stick pins into them to see if they would bleed, like big birds for which they mistook them.

After both plane and passengers have been fed, you are off again over the state of Goiaz. And the next stop is Rio de Janeiro.

Meanwhile, you will want to learn something about Brazilian history, before seeing the capital city where so much of it has taken place.

CHAPTER III

*** Brazil's Brief History ***

THE HISTORY of Brazil, like that of North America, goes back only four centuries and a half. And some of the early chapters are brief indeed. It actually began in Lisbon, on a sunny Sunday in March, 1500. The old city was gay with flags, bands of music and crowds gathered along the banks of the Tagus. Anchored out in the stream were thirteen ships with five hundred sailors, a thousand soldiers and many cannon aboard. And in the King's palace there was much kissing of hands as the court said goodbye to Pedro Alvarez Cabral and his officers. A messenger arrived from the Pope with a rich beret, such as nobles then wore, which he had personally blessed. They were supposed to be sailing for India, around the Cape of Good Hope, to capture Calcutta and all its riches.

But when they had passed Cabo Verde the ships turned away from the African shore and headed southwest. They sailed for a month, helped by the equatorial current. Then birds flew out to meet them. And the lookouts sighted land. They had reached the unknown coast of Brazil in southern Bahia.

A band of naked brown Indians came down to the beach, carrying bows and arrows. A boat was rowed ashore with presents that pleased them, and they sent back a gorgeous headdress of scarlet macaw feathers and a necklace of tiny white beads like seed pearls. Cabral saved these for the King.

After sailing a few miles north the Portuguese came to a fine little harbor. They named it Porto Seguro, Safe Port, and dropped their anchors. The next day all went ashore. They formed a procession led by the banner of the Order of the Cross, solemnly

raised a huge cross the ships' carpenters had made, and took possession of the land in the name of this Order and the Portuguese King.

In Rio de Janeiro there is a great bronze statue of Cabral along the shore drive that shows him at this very moment. He has the banner in his left hand, and the beret blessed by the Pope in his right. And he is setting his foot down on the new land as he proclaims it Portuguese soil. Brazilians lay wreaths of flowers at his feet every Third of May, which is known as Discovery Day.

Then Cabral sailed away for the Cape of Good Hope and the East Indies with all of his ships but one. That one returned to Lisbon with the news. For there were so many expeditions from so many places, that the Portuguese must send out notices to all the courts that the new Land of the True Cross was theirs, and they intended to hold it. Especially must the Portuguese King notify the King of Spain to keep his hands off.

The clerk, who was the trip's historian, wrote the story in a letter to the King, which still exists. It tells about the great beauty of the country, which was a Paradise. How handsome the brown Indians were with their good features and straight noses! But when they came aboard they were afraid of the stock and a rooster that was running around. They had never seen chickens nor cows before. They were too timid to touch any of the meat or drinks offered them. But some of them came to sit near when Mass was going on, and folded their hands like the Portuguese. They were very quiet and polite. Surely it would be easy for the priests to convert them. But unfortunately, none of them seemed to have anything worth taking. There was no gold, nor silver, nor precious stones. But no doubt treasure would be found farther inland.

Thus the first pages of Brazilian history were written. And Brazil became a Portuguese possession, a fact that makes her people, language, culture and story different from all the other countries of Latin America.

Portugal holds the same relation to the United States of Brazil that England does to the United States of America. In each case the mother nation is revered as the fount of the language and inherited culture. Thus Brazilian youth study the works of Luiz de Camões as North American boys and girls study Shakespeare, who lived and wrote at the same time. Portuguese poets are to them what the English poets are to us. Boys still think of Coimbra University, as American students think of Oxford and Cambridge. And in various ways Portugal profits enormously from her relations with Brazil, just as England does from America.

The Portuguese King was just in time with his notices of hands off. For Spanish ships had touched Pernambuco in February of that same year. They lingered to explore the northern shores and to discover the Amazon River. And it gave the Portuguese a chance to get in ahead of them. The French were on hand with claims, too. It was a great race to see who would get the biggest share of the New World.

An important Portuguese expedition, in which Amerigo Vespucci took part, gave Brazil its final name. For they carried back a cargo of dyewood, red as *brasas*, live coals, which is such a bright color that a chip of it in a woodpile looks as if it were afire. It sold for a high price and was the first real treasure the Portuguese found to export from their new possessions. So from brasa-wood, the place it came from was soon known as Brasil, or Brazil.

Meanwhile Portugal was busy with her Oriental trade. This gave her so much trouble and at first so many riches, that she had little time for South America. She only wanted Brazil wood. Occasionally she fought the French and others who were continually sending ships across to try to steal some of it. Thirty thin years passed with little happening to make Brazilian history.

But during those years, vessels were wrecked off Brazil, and others had mutinies. Sailors swam ashore, or were left behind for punishment. Eventually there were quite a number of white men living among the Brazilian Indians, and three of these became

especially important to future settlers. There was Ramalho, who was left by his ship near Santos and climbed the trail to the site of São Paulo. Here he saw Potira, Chief Tibyriçá's daughter, who was as beautiful as her name meaning "flower." The brown princess and Portuguese sailor fell in love at first sight, and were married. Caramurú, Man of Fire, saved himself from being eaten by the cannibal Indians of Bahía Bay by shooting off a musket. The Indians who had never seen gunfire thought he was a god. They became his friends. He stayed with them, helped drive away their enemies with his gun, and married Princess Paraguassú. A few years later, in Pernambuco, Albuquerque, a young Portuguese, was about to be killed for a cannibal feast. One of Chief Green Bow's daughters threw herself between the young man and the ax, and the story ended like that of Caramurú. Albuquerque and the Princess were married and lived happily ever afterward.

These three romantic couples, in such widely separated parts of Brazil, are often pointed out as illustrating the way the Brazilian race was started. They had large families and thousands of descendants, who helped build the nation.

It was 1531 before a colonizing expedition arrived in Brazil, bringing settlers and an army. With the help and advice of Caramurú a fort was built at Bahía. Another was constructed at Rio de Janeiro where the expedition stayed three months. But the principal settlement was made at São Vicente, where Ramalho gave them the benefit of all he knew, and assured them of the friendliness of his Indians.

Portugal now had a new King, John III, who took a great interest in Brazil. Things were going very badly for Portugal in India. It was being said that every peppercorn was costing her a drop of Portuguese blood. And besides, Pizarro had started conquering Peru the year before (1530). Ships were arriving in Spain with cargoes of gold. Stories of fabulous wealth which the Spaniards were stealing reached the ears of King John. In three years Spain

had the entire Incan Empire with all it contained, and had founded the City of Lima.

By the year 1534, long before England had begun to think of colonizing North America, the Portuguese King, John III, decided he must do something about Brazil before Spain could grab it. So he laid out the map of the Brazilian coast and marked it off in nice portions that roughly corresponded to the coast states of today. Having never seen any of the country with his own eyes, and the map being partly the imagination of the map maker anyway, it did not really matter how he did it.

But he had various courtiers he wished to honor, because they had fought for him in India, and fifteen divisions was as good a number as any. He would hand them out to these noble Captains. Thus with a few strokes of his quill pen, King John gave what is now almost the entire coast of Brazil to these courtiers and their heirs forever, to have and to hold, so long as they were loyal to him. They were to go out at once with shiploads of soldiers and adventurers and settle the land. And the chief proof of their loyalty was to send back gold as the Spaniards were doing. For the King believed it was lying around in great quantities, and it could be easily taken from the Indians, as in Peru, since they used it only for ornaments and to adorn their temples, and did not really value it. One of the rights of the Captains was to enslave the native peoples for work in mines and on plantations. They had rights to everything else, to levy taxes on salt and other necessities, to sell permits to build mills, to make laws and enforce them. The King's taxes were to be one-fifth of all metals and precious stones, and one-tenth of everything else produced.

All the governor-captains were brave and tried soldiers and they started out to be almost like kings in the savage new Captaincies that were so far only marks on a map. But most of them had more trouble than Captain John Smith at Jamestown. They fought among themselves. Their cruelty to the Indians ended in massacres and burning the new towns. And they found no gold. With

few exceptions the Captaincies were a failure. Then Spain conquered Portugal and ruled Brazil's mother country for sixty years leaving the Captaincies to their fate.

But with the establishment of these Captaincies, the seeds of evil had been sown from which Brazil still suffers. Huge grants of land, some as large as European countries, in the hands of one man and his descendants, entailed all the wrongs of feudalism. In the centuries that followed, the people who tilled the land and did the work had no chance to get away from their master's property and start anything for themselves. If the owner were a wise and just man, as a few were, and gave his workers decent houses to live in, a school and medical care, they were lucky. But usually the owners wanted everything for themselves. Many lived in the city and never visited their properties except at harvest time. Or they lived in Portugal and left everything to unscrupulous agents. Some even rented out all the privileges of being a great landlord. So after slavery was ended, the workers were little better than serfs. They were worse off than slaves, for slaves were valuable, more likely to be cared for. They have suffered from malnutrition, lack of schooling, bad housing, whatever lot their all powerful bosses handed to them. Some of the political troubles in the long revolutionary history of Brazil were hatched in this great nest of misery. However, the same can be said of all countries south of the Rio Grande, which today are desperately struggling to throw off the evils of this old European system.

This same sort of thing might have happened in the United States, for the English Crown started giving out huge land grants in Virginia, New York and other convenient regions. But the American Revolution came early and put an end to all that. And the new United States republic adopted a democratic land policy of giving one hundred and sixty acres of government land free to any man who would clear and farm it. As his children grew up, many continued moving farther west to take up newer lands. Thus we had our free pioneers who saw to it that their children

had schools and universities, and although the United States has plenty of agricultural troubles, the farmers who owned their own small farms were the courageous and independent early builders of the nation.

Meanwhile the Dutch West India Company had designs on Brazil. Their ships and soldiers conquered the successful Captaincies of Bahia and Pernambuco. And the French, who thus far had been shut out of South America, had made their settlements at Maranhão and Rio de Janeiro. Spanish settlers were creeping over the borders of what the Portuguese considered theirs, and were holding all of the extreme South, while Spain was governing the rest of the country as the conquerors of Portugal. And English pirates were sacking the settlements that had anything to steal.

As soon as Portugal threw off the Spanish yoke she began to do something about all this. She had looted the Orient and sailed away. But if the Portuguese were to get anything out of Brazil, they had to stay and plant. First Portugal helped the colonists put out the invaders, then tightened her hold by appointing new governors and sending out as many immigrants as possible.

At this time Brazil had only about one-third of the territory that eventually was hers, for the Pope in the Treaty of Tordesillas—before the voyage of Cabral—had allowed Portugal that much, giving Spain the rest of South America, and leaving France out altogether. Now these boundaries began to be pushed back, by three separate agencies. First of all were the missionaries, the Jesuits and others that built missions ever farther into the interior. Second were the cattle ranchers who ranged their herds over wider and wider areas. And third, but most important, were the *bandeirantes*, Banner Bearers.

The *Bandeirantes* were early descendants of Portuguese men, like Ramalho, who married Indians, especially in São Paulo. They inherited their fathers' greed for land and gold. They had the Indians' hatred of the enemy tribes their ancestors had always

fought. And now they had the white man's guns to fight with, along with Indian knowledge of woodcraft that taught them how to live off the forests as they traveled. Half-breeds of North America were looked down upon by both Indians and whites. But these half-Indians made up the entire population in many districts and were the masters. Men of iron courage, ruthless and completely independent, they formed bands and spread out through the interior, fighting Indians as they went. They exterminated whole Indian villages. And wherever they liked the surroundings, they settled. Their conquests were wild adventures. They were looking for the gold that all were sure was hidden somewhere, for precious stones, and especially for a green emerald mountain rumored to be in Minas Gerais. The life they led was an inferno of hunger, rains, floods, fevers, and vengeful Indians. When they found nothing else they took back enough Indians to sell as slaves. And eventually gold was discovered due to their efforts. In 1692, there started the gold rush that changed the history of Brazil considerably. But the greatest result was extending Brazil's boundaries almost to the foothills of the Andes.

The Portuguese, like other exploring nations five hundred years ago, thought of the lands they discovered as theirs. They did not consider that the owners they found there had any rights at all. This was no different from the earliest days in the United States, when our Indians were treated in the same way. Besides, in South America, it was perfectly correct to capture them and use them as slaves. This slavery was legal and was one of the privileges granted by both the Portuguese and Spanish kings.

Of course there was criticism, especially from some of the early missionaries who tried to protect their poor converts. So, to defend themselves, officials sent back reports to Portugal that made the Indians out as ignorant, stupid, blood-thirsty savages, fit only to be used like animals, or to be exterminated when they could not be worked. It was considered unfortunate that they were so different from the Indians the Spaniards found in Peru, who,

under the Incan rule, had learned to build with stone, to farm and to raise livestock.

For a long time the opinion of the early colonists in Brazil was accepted. But scientists now find that the Brazilian Indians had a much higher civilization than they have been credited with.

Practically all the tribes could spin both cotton and fibers with a hand spindle. But only some of them turned the thread into cloth. They preferred to make the hammocks, which they used for sleeping, instead of beds. These hammocks, especially those made of *tucum* fiber, are often very beautiful, with designs worked in parrot and flamingo feathers. Such hammocks were made for the chief, or for a distinguished visitor from a friendly tribe.

They made many other lovely things. Some of the feather ornaments that the men wore in their ears and noses, were like jewels—especially the long feathers from which other feathers were hung. Their war bonnets and headdresses of macaw and parrot feathers were truly wonderful. When they wanted to make anything look very nice, such as a flute, or a pocketbook, or a child's toy, they hung a feather tassel on it. No artists have ever done more beautiful and skillful work with feathers. Their pre-Cabral pottery was modeled with much imagination. Everything was made with thoughtful care and charming design. Their basketwork, weapons, musical instruments, even their houses, canoes and paddles were often works of art.

In Brazil, along with other countries of South America, the Indian has made many rich gifts to the culture, language and life of the nation. He has become a part of it. The traveler from North America, sight-seeing in Brazilian towns and making trips into the interior, finds something of the Indian everywhere. Of course he will not see any wild Indians unless he goes far away, where a million and a half of them are still living as they did before the white man came. But he will see them in many good-looking people with suntan skins, Indian features and fine expres-

sive hands. These are the descendants of men like Caramurú, Ramalho, and Albuquerque—and very proud of it.

Indians made very poor slaves. Their life in the cool forests was a busy one. But they made their beautiful things for pleasure. When they built a house, they made a party out of that with any friendly tribe coming in to help. Hunting was fun, so was gathering wild fruits and nuts. That was the way they fed themselves. When it came to farming, the Indian women raised the corn, squash and mandioc that grew almost wild. When the men were brought in to the plantations and made to plant sugar cane and till the fields, they were a failure no matter how much they were beaten. So the Portuguese sent more and more slaves over from Africa, like they had been using for a long time in southern Portugal. Soon everything was done by Negroes, including the diamond and gold mining. Anywhere from four to twelve million were brought to Brazil before the slave trade was made illegal. No one knows the number exactly, for no records were kept of those who were smuggled in.

Kings had come and gone, many new governors had been sent out to Brazil and brought back to Portugal, in the years since the first captaincies. But the laws and taxes, as well as the land policy of those early grants had remained the same. As the country opened up under the onslaughts of the Bandeirantes and other forces, more captaincies were established, in Minas Gerais, Goiás, and Mato Grosso. Gold and diamonds brought on more and more stringent rules to keep things in Portuguese hands, and always increase the income of the Crown.

Revolts against Portuguese oppression were so constant and occurred at such widely scattered points that it is a wonder the country held together. An attempt was made to centralize the government when the capital was moved from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro in 1763. A viceroy, or direct representative of the king, was put over the governors and captains. But this time, Brazilians were bitter about the whole Portuguese monopoly. They wanted to be

allowed to buy and sell, instead of business being the privilege of only Portuguese-born merchants and their sons. Their roads were destroyed for fear they might communicate. Rivers were closed to navigation for the same reason. Schools and the publishing of books and newspapers were forbidden. No other industries were allowed except the crude mills that prepared sugar for shipment.

Brazil was so big and rich that it continued to grow in spite of all this. But from many points of view the country was in a backward state at the end of the eighteenth century. And it would have remained like this if Napoleon had not come along to stir up all of Europe.

When Portugal would not join him in blockading England, he invaded and took the country. This was easy, since Queen Maria had gone insane and her government under the regency of her son, Prince John, was very weak. All of Portugal was drowsing along comfortably on her wine trade with England and the fabulous income from Brazil. The old adventurous spirit that had traded at the cannon's mouth was no more. And the whole situation was handled so badly that Napoleon's forces were in the suburbs of Lisbon before anyone realized it.

Fortunately the ships that might have been used for the blockade were in the harbor. Food was rushed aboard. The Court packed up so hurriedly that many necessities were left behind. And hosts of people sneaked in among the passengers, who otherwise would not have been allowed to go. It was one of the biggest mass sailings up to that time, and the worst organized. But they got away just as the French were entering the city, and were off for the mythical land of Brazil.

It was a horrible voyage on the overcrowded ships. There was a shortage of water, provisions, and clean clothing. Many were sick from bad weather, and worse food. And when they reached Bahia at last, Prince John and his ministers had to send ashore for clothes before they could look clean enough to land. Then the welcome was tremendous. The Portuguese-Brazilians were wild

with joy, both here and in Rio de Janeiro. They gave the refugees everything they needed, including their houses and slaves, even going without themselves.

Prince John was a gentle fat soul. He had been educated in a monastery to be fond of peace, music, literature and good food. In fact he so much liked to eat that he is said to have carried fried chicken in his pocket to nibble on when meetings with the ministers were long and dull. His wife, the Spanish Princess Carlota—to whom his mother betrothed him and whom he later married when they were still children—was just the opposite. She was an ambitious, arrogant woman who expected Brazilians to drop on their knees as she galloped by. Her husband was always afraid of her, for he never knew what she might do.

John loved Brazil from the start, just as much as his wife hated it. And everybody loved him, especially after he removed all monopoly restrictions, opened harbors and rivers to foreign trade with all nations, and repealed most of the obnoxious laws. Anyway, these would only have favored Napoleon, who now had the machinery of Portuguese government in his hands.

Brazil was no longer the Cinderella daughter of the motherland, but the head of the Portuguese world. John set to work at once to make Rio de Janeiro a capital worthy of the honor. By the time he became King John VI at the death of the mad Queen Maria, there were schools, libraries, factories, a botanical garden, all sorts of cultural and industrial beginnings. Brazilians could wear their own gold and diamonds now, and had many privileges that made life worth living.

King John wanted to stay forever where people were kind, and he could see the growth of things he started. But his subjects back in Portugal did not like having their Court in South America, nor did they approve of John's new laws favoring Brazil. Besides, after Napoleon was finished, republican ideas were growing strong even in Portugal, due to the success of the United States. A near revolution took place that led to a constitution, much to John's

surprise. The next step, he knew, would topple him off his throne, on which he was sitting none too securely. So, regretfully, he decided to go back. His last act was to sign the constitution Brazil was clamoring for, and to appoint his eldest son, Pedro, as regent in Brazil.

Pedro had grown up a wild young prince in the half-savage, half-Oriental town of Rio, while his father was trying to civilize it and his mother was busy with political plots and schemes. Like his father, he was fond of music. He not only played several instruments but composed a number of pieces, including the Hymn of the Independence. But unlike John VI, who was timid, fat and never very well, Prince Pedro had the most robust health and was afraid of nothing. He disagreed with his father in politics too, and headed a group of young men bent on making Brazil an independent nation. King John had foreseen this would happen, and had counseled Pedro to sit tight on the throne and become Brazil's first independent ruler.

Brazil was soon reduced to a simple colony again, with Prince Pedro only its governor. For King John had to agree to every demand of the Portuguese merchant princes, who wanted their old monopolies back. But the Brazilians were in a different position now. They were building up their infant industries, and enjoying many luxuries from England and France for which they traded sugar, cotton and tobacco. The spirited Pedro's patience was about exhausted when orders came for him to return to Portugal "to continue his education." It was an insult at the age of twenty-four, when he was married and already the father of several children.

His wife was Leopoldina, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. She was a studious girl who had brought scientists with her from Europe to study tropical plants, insects and animals. Her collections of butterflies and botanical specimens started the National Museum, that is still flourishing. She sympathized with her hus-

band's liberal ideas and advised him to take the next step and break with Portugal.

His Cry of Ipiranga—"Independence or Death!"—took place shortly afterward, on September 7, 1822, in São Paulo, where he was trying to stop a growing rebellion.

After Pedro returned to Rio he was proclaimed Emperor Pedro I of Brazil, and a little later he was crowned in the midst of great rejoicing and dancing in the streets.

A Portuguese fleet came racing across the seas to take Pedro back to Lisbon by force. But it never had a chance to land. Portuguese garrisons in the big towns put up a show of fighting, but the Brazilian troops were too strong for them to risk a battle. Nevertheless it was two years before Brazil saw the last of them.

Pedro I had the wisest and best men of the country with him. And he chose the greatest of these, José Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva, known as the Patriarch of the Independence, to head his cabinet. This Andrada e Silva and his two brothers were leaders of the liberal party, and their name is one of the most famous in Brazilian history. At first all worked together in harmony. Then a series of things happened.

In a sudden quarrel with his ministers over the limitations of his power, Pedro suddenly dissolved Congress with his troops and placed cannon at the doors. Shortly afterward he took it all back, but the harm had been done. He had liked the democratic role when he was arguing with his father. But when his subjects wanted something different from his ideas, he grew stubborn and domineering. He insisted on appointing the governors in the northern states instead of giving the people their choice. They seceded, and formed the Confederation of the Equator until he ended this by more force.

Meanwhile the wise Leopoldina died, leaving five motherless children. And Pedro married a beautiful and good European princess, but she was very young. King John died, too. Thus Pedro inherited the Portuguese throne. Brazilians objected to

this situation so strenuously that he abdicated in favor of his eldest child, the little Princess Maria da Gloria. But still everybody kept saying he favored the Portuguese. And when he quarreled with his ministers for the second time, he dismissed them and actually appointed Portuguese politicians in their places. Then all turned against him.

"I will do anything for the people," he said, "but nothing by the people."

That was the last straw. His own troops, always loyal before, refused to defend him. And furious, hurt, and alone, he wrote out his abdication and signed it in the middle of the night, turning over the throne to his small son, Pedro. He went aboard a ship in a hurry just as his father had done, leaving behind the little Pedro and his three youngest daughters, taking only the eldest, Maria da Gloria, who would some day be queen of Portugal. At the last moment he begged his former friend and adviser, José Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva, to look after them.

The next day the small blond boy, five years old, stood between his governess and Andrada e Silva on a palace balcony waving his little handkerchief at the mob of his shrieking, shouting subjects below, not knowing they meant him when they yelled, "Long live Dom Pedro III!"

Pedro I, his father, delayed on his ship out in the bay, heard the thunder of voices, the cannon salutes, and fireworks, and knew that everything would now be all right.

Little Pedro was a Brazilian, and the Brazilians brought him up to be the kind of ruler they wanted. They were lucky, for he grew into an intelligent and conscientious boy, who felt he must learn everything in order to be a good ruler. Of course he played with his sisters and had fun like any child. But when he was older, he always felt rushed for fear he would not have enough time to finish his education. This was because the whole country was torn into bitterly fighting political parties, one wanting a republic, another the constitutional monarchy they already had,

and still a third agitating to bring back Dom Pedro I from Portugal. Many rebellions broke out as one party or another plotted to seize the power. And finally it appeared that the only way to end the strife was to declare the boy Pedro of age. Although only fifteen, he was old for his years, and had already won the affection and faith of everyone by his industry and seriousness. So in 1840, before anything more could happen, Pedro was declared full emperor and crowned Dom Pedro II. This was the real beginning of the life of Brazil as a nation, and of fifty years of growth and prosperity, for he became a wise and truly great leader of the Brazilian people. There grew up under his example a large group of men quite different from the political descendants of the Portuguese viceroys. They valued human rights and liberty more than anything else. Many were even willing to become poor that all Brazilians might be free.

The spirit of these men still lives today in the young Brazilian leaders who have taken up the struggle anew for Democracy. Many of them are still students. But it is a Latin American tradition that students should take a great interest and an active part in politics. So they have much more influence than students in the United States.

During Pedro's first years, revolts and rebellions still continued in the provinces, where Brazilians were struggling to get their rights after generations of tyrannical disregard of them.

But it was soon apparent that Dom Pedro II and the Neopolitan princess he married—who became Empress Tereza Cristina—lived only for their country. Pedro had a gift for choosing the wisest men as his ministers. The Assembly of two houses, something like the Congress of the United States, worked very well. And as he matured he became more and more democratic. He did away with much of the old Portuguese royal etiquette and dressed in a plain black suit when all other monarchs were starred and jeweled in gorgeous uniforms. And he established a personal re-

ception day, which he called "receiving my Brazilian family," when any citizen with a grievance could call on him.

There followed half a century of progress, in industry, commerce and the arts. And never, before nor since, has there been so little internal strife. There would have been greater prosperity except for two foreign wars into which the Brazilian love of freedom and the Emperor's altruism got them. One of them was to help the Argentineans put out Dictator Manuel Rosas, and this ended successfully. But the other, to free Paraguay from the bloody tyrant Solano López, was most disastrous after terrible losses of lives and money, and lasted seven years, before López was overthrown.

The most vexing problem Pedro had to face was slavery, on which the entire production of the country was based. After the slaves were freed in North America, he was determined on emancipation for Brazil.

The most progressive men of the nation were with Dom Pedro II on the slavery question, and helpful laws were passed. The trade was made illegal at the same time the United States was grappling with the problem. Then a law went into effect declaring that all children born to slaves would hereafter be free from their birth. This would have ended slavery gradually as the older slaves died off. Pedro headed fund-raising to buy the freedom of a certain number of slaves each year besides, and gave generously himself. In fact, he and Tereza Cristina were always personally hard up because of the way they contributed to every good cause. The next law freed all slaves when they reached the age of sixty-five years. This greatly reduced the number, but it was not fast enough for the Abolitionists who had become very powerful. Chief among these was Pedro's daughter, Princess Isabel, heir to his throne.

So when Pedro was taken very ill and had to go to Europe for treatment the Abolition Party forced a bill through the Assembly, and Isabel, as regent in her father's absence, signed it.

But that was the beginning of the end. For, of course, the slave owners lost their valuable property. Many of them became poor. And a condition followed in some parts of Brazil very much like that of our Southern States after the Civil War. There were no hands to work the sugar, tobacco, and cotton fields. Hard times followed, affecting the whole country.

Princess Isabel was blamed for this situation and other ill-advised decisions. She became very unpopular and Dom Pedro was in such poor health she was likely to become Empress before so very long. All these things were kept from Dom Pedro, slowly recovering in his country palace in Petropolis. And when the blow fell and a republic was declared, it was unexpected to the man who had always said, "When Brazil becomes a republic, I want to be the first President."

But the first president was General Deodoro da Fonseca, head of the army. A prolonged and secret meeting of the republican leaders had gone on while the troops were getting ready to revolt. Dom Pedro and his family knew nothing about it. But his ministers did, and they made an attempt to arrest the plotters, and telegraphed Dom Pedro to return to Rio de Janeiro. By that time the Proclamation of the Republic had been written and signed. General Deodoro da Fonseca rode out of army headquarters in his hurry to announce it to the waiting crowd. Then he led a great procession through the streets, while guns were fired and crowds sang the national hymn. The Republic, so long postponed because of the democratic spirit of Dom Pedro II, had at last come. The date was the 15th of November, 1889, which Brazil celebrates equally with 7th of September, the Independence Day.

For the third time in less than seventy years, a ruling royal family of Brazil went quietly and hastily aboard ship and fled across the ocean like ordinary refugees.

It was two years before a satisfactory government was seated, with Deodoro da Fonseca as the properly elected president, under a constitution much like that of the United States. He did not

last out his term, for he antagonized Congress which objected to the interference of the army in civil affairs. After dismissing Congress illegally, just as Pedro I had done—and as Vargas did in 1937—he had to resign in favor of the vice-president.

The Brazilian Republic, until this day, has suffered from domination by the army. But even worse have been the troubles of states rights. The states of Brazil have never recovered from being separate colonies intensely loyal to their local leaders, often in preference to the national government. And this situation will continue until the central government ceases imposing its will on the states in their regional affairs.

It took agricultural Brazil a long time to become adjusted to running farms and plantations without slaves. The carefully built foreign credit of Dom Pedro's reign was weakened in the unskillful hands of the early presidents. The money exchange fell, and a number of depressions followed. The country suffered from other maladies of Latin American republics. A form of peonage took the place of slavery on the plantations. The high percentage of illiteracy seemed to be a situation none of the administrations could cope with. The right to vote was limited to such a small class that a dangerous majority was always without representation. And there was corruption in high places, even as there was in North America during the same period.

The greatest political difficulties came from the custom that started during the early republic, of alternating the presidency between the two most powerful states of Minas Gerais and São Paulo, which led to endless jealousies and discontent in all the rest of the nation. Yet none of the outbreaks led to a change of government until one of the states broke the rule. Washington Luiz, the president from São Paulo, managed to have another São Paulo man elected as his successor in 1930. Charging corruption and election frauds, a revolt broke out under the opposition candidate, Getulio Vargas, from Rio Grande do Sul. It spread into

actual civil war. The rebels won, and before his term was up, Washington Luiz had to resign in favor of Vargas.

It was an uncertain victory that Vargas held on to by suppressive measures. He did away with the constitution, with civil rights, and with freedom of speech and the press. Having started as a champion of the people, he slipped by well-marked stages into the role of Fascist dictator, since Fascism was in the air of all Latin America. Eventually, under a new constitution written by himself, he handed out the laws by decree. But even then it was a long time before his popularity waned.

Meanwhile Brazil had gone to war on the side of the Allies, in spite of powerful Nazi groups within the country. And there was the strange inconsistency of Brazilian soldiers fighting for Democracy on the Italian Front while they had a Fascist government at home. This could not last. And when the soldiers came home, Brazil was promised an election, December 2, 1945. The first in fifteen years.

As the date drew nearer, rumors of political plotting grew thicker. It was feared that, by a coup of some sort, the elections would be postponed or even canceled altogether. So generals of the army, many of whom had previously helped keep Vargas in office, with the aid of tanks and soldiers, forced their President to resign and flee. The elections were held in an orderly and fair manner and the winner of the presidency, General Eurico Dutra, had such a large majority that the results were accepted without question.

At the next election, however, Vargas again became president and remained in office until August, 1955, when, after opposition within the government had again forced him to resign, he committed suicide. Vice President Joao Café Filho succeeded.

CHAPTER IV

*** Rio de Janeiro ***

PORTUGUESE voyagers have the credit for discovering Guanabara Bay. As they came sailing down the Brazilian coast, they named places according to the calendar. Since the date was January 1, 1502, when their ships reached the location of Brazil's future capital, it was named River of the First of January, for the thirty-mile bay running back, seemingly into the mountains, looked like the mouth of a river. It was a natural guess because the discoverers, among whom was Amerigo Vespucci, had never seen such a long bay in all their travels. The name stuck, even though there was no river. And it became shortened to River of January, Rio de Janeiro.

When the site for the town of the same name was picked out by a French colony, not long afterward, no one was thinking of city planning or imagining the future colossus they were starting. The colonists had quarreled with their leader, Villegaignon. So they moved away from his island in the bay, that is still called by his name, on to a hill on the mainland. The reason for choosing a height was to erect a fort to keep off the Portuguese, who claimed the discovery of Brazil and were furious at the French for settling here.

But these French Huguenots, like those who came to the United States, had had to go somewhere, to get away from the persecutions they suffered because of their religion in Catholic France. And their French king was glad to get rid of them and their problems, especially since they themselves raised most of the money to finance their colony. The king thought, too, that he had a perfect right to give them permission to settle in the new world. For

according to his history, the Frenchman, Jean Cousin, had discovered the South American continent for France. And he had been the first to sail along the Brazilian coast, looking for trade in new lands. The Huguenots came along just at the right time to make good France's claims and establish a toe hold.

It was not long before the Portuguese king became alarmed and sent out orders to Captain Mem de Sá, of his Bahía settlement, to put the French out. By this time, however, the industrious French had built some European style houses for which they made tile and brick in their own kilns. These houses stood among the palm-leaf huts of the Indians, the Tamoyos. Their villages had always been along Guanabara Bay. And they gave the name, Carioca, White Man's House, to the French homes, a name which still applies to Rio, whose native sons are known as Cariocans. The Indians were very friendly for they liked to trade coconuts, feather work, live monkeys, parrots and Brazil woods for beads, looking glasses, cloth, metal ornaments, hatchets and tools.

So there was nothing but harmony until Captain Mem de Sá's ships, under his nephew Estácio, came sailing down from Bahía and opened fire. The struggle lasted a long time, for the French had the Tamoyos fighting with them, and the Portuguese enlisted the enemies of this tribe on their side. After being driven up their hill, the French resisted for two years. And then they were only defeated by Mem de Sá himself arriving with stronger forces, for a final battle in which Estácio de Sá was killed.

After that, Mem de Sá thought that the Morro do Castello, Castle Hill, where the French had entrenched themselves for so long, was an excellent place. He decided to build a better fort there for his Portuguese garrison, and the Portuguese town needed to discourage ambitious colonists from other countries.

Estácio de Sá is considered the actual founder of the city of Rio de Janeiro. But neither he nor the French could have pictured its future, even if they had known about city planning then. Its location was the most curious in the world for a great capital

city to grow in. There was almost no level land, and the beaches along the shores and inlets were narrow and swampy, because of high tides that backed up into the bay and flooded them. Also, steep, high mountains arose almost directly behind them, leaving little building space.

And today your first glimpse of the city shows these mountains, and man-made sea walls that stretch for miles to hold back the high tides. Land has been filled in behind for lovely tropical parked drives. The city grew along these shallow walled scallops of the bay, spread up narrow short valleys between the high mountains, and even up the sides of the mountains as far as there was sloping earth to build on. Above the rims of houses sheer cliffs rise in weird shapes. Their names describe them, for they are called Corcovado, Hunchback; Dois Irmãos, Two Brothers; Bico de Papagaio, Parrot's Beak; and Pão de Açúcar, Sugar Loaf. This Loaf of Sugar is a pointed rock that sticks up twelve hundred feet, right out of the water's edge, not far from the center of town. A little car, swinging from a cable, takes tourists up to see the view.

Santa Tereza Mountain, which rises from the shopping district like a flight of back stairs, is less steep and forbidding. Residences balance breathlessly on its sides, many of them three stories high in front and only one in back, or vice versa. And a dizzy streetcar line slides its occupants down to town.

Looking at Rio from the air, you see how these mountains have stopped the spread of the city. They have given it the strangest shape, but have also made it very beautiful, with astonishing views and skylines for magnificent sunsets. But you wonder where it can go next, since every bit of building space seems occupied with either houses or parks. It has even been necessary to cut tunnels through the solid granite of the mountains to connect one part of town with another.

Coming down you see plenty of factory smokestacks, but no proper chimneys on the houses. The rows of new apartment houses along the open ocean and inner bay may be air cooled.

You are still in the Tropic Zone. And an electric heater is all that is needed even during the coolest rainy spell in winter.

As your plane picks out its airpath between looming precipices and zooms past the enormous statue of Christ the Redeemer that tops Corcovado, the Santos Dumont Airport, named for Brazil's aircraft pioneer and inventor, rises to meet it. There is a huge stretch of twenty empty acres almost beside the tallest office buildings, which seems a great waste in such a crowded city. But it is all newly filled land that is still settling and not yet safe to build on. Look! Trucks are still working around its edges, dumping earth.

And if you are trying to locate Castle Hill, where Estácio de Sá founded the town, you will not be able to find it, for it is gone. Some years ago a North American engineering company came to Rio with great dredges and enormous sluice pipes. They worked several years scooping up Castle Hill and washing it down into the bay. So that now there is nothing left of it except the name CASTELLO on the busses that run there.

Under the Castello, near the present airport, there was enough solid ground to lay out all the new streets and building sites where tall government buildings and office skyscrapers now stand. There was enough earth to form the big airfield where only water was before. But the business part of town is still so land hungry that now Santo Antonio Hill is being washed away to make more level building sites.

The Castle Hill project was not the first gigantic work undertaken by Rioites. For over forty years ago several brilliant engineers thought that the narrow streets and stuffy buildings of the old Portuguese business center of the city should be modernized. So a great swath was cut right through the heart of town from the Beira Mar, or water front, on one side to the docks on the other. Everything in the way of this new wide Avenida Rio Branco was torn down and carted away.

While the Avenida Rio Branco was being cleared of its old

buildings people were very angry, for there was much confusion, dirt and dust. Besides, many had to move out of their premises and there was a shortage of office space. Some of the richest firms in town refused to go until the police put them out by force. All this made much hard feeling. And it took a long time, for there were no trucks in those days. All the refuse had to be moved by mule and oxcart. And materials for the new buildings were brought in the same way.

But when it was all done, and especially when fine buildings had replaced the gloomy old Portuguese shops and small windowed, dreary offices above them, everyone saw how fine it was. They enjoyed especially the wide sweep of sea air that blew up from Beira Mar to cool them off during the hot tropical summers. New public buildings made them proud: the Municipal Opera House with its beautiful decorations, imposing stairs of precious Brazilian building stone, and its splendid stage; the Palace of Justice, the great National Library, and the Monroe Palace or Senate. This Palace was named for our North American President Monroe, and was brought all the way from Saint Louis where it had been the Brazilian Pavilion at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Today, startling new skyscrapers set off these dignified older structures. So this section is still one of the most attractive in the city, with its open square and gardens, mosaic sidewalks and magnificent view down the bay past Sugar Loaf. It is gay, too, because of Cinema Row. This is a newly built side of the square, filled with moving-picture houses, sidewalk cafés, and elaborate *confeitarias*, which serve theater and movie crowds with sweets and soda fountain refreshments.

At the extreme other end of the Avenida Rio Branco is the utilitarian part of the spectacular bay, where ships land. Modern docks extend for several miles with the near end reserved for passenger ships. One is usually tied up there by the open square and Tourist Club pavilion where excited tourists rush about.

Near here, just before World War II, Rio started her third amazing adventure in reconstruction: the Avenida President Getulio Vargas. All the old buildings on two parallel business streets, near the docks, were condemned for a stretch of about twenty-five blocks. It was the same story as Avenida Rio Branco. Stores and offices refused to vacate. In fact so many were to be torn down at one time that there were not enough vacancies in town for them to move into. But the doomed houses were small and shabby. New skyscrapers were being finished rapidly in the Castello district. Businesses doubled up. And eventually the wreckers went to work.

But by this time war needs left little gasoline, and new trucks for the jobs could not be had. Ox carts had to be brought in from the country. Mules went to work again. So photographs of this avenue-making in 1941-44 look about the same as those taken of Avenida Rio Branco in 1910.

Brazilians, who hate dirt and disorder, grimly endured it. They climbed over rock piles, stepped gingerly through the deep dust, while old-fashioned coal-burning steam boilers, which furnished the power for the construction, belched smoke and soot all over their beautiful white suits, and blackened the marble of some of their finest bank buildings. It would be years before the old structures along the new wide Avenida Getulio Vargas would be all replaced by modern skyscrapers. But they remembered the history of the great Avenida Rio Branco and complained as little as possible. After all, the same thing was happening over the entire city in a fever of building that even the war did not slow up perceptibly. For Rio had to grow upward toward the sky now, locked in between her sea and mountains, just as New York had had to do on narrow Manhattan Island between East River and the Hudson.

The War hurried charming, leisurely Rio de Janeiro into growing up, so today it is one of the world's most modern cities.

And now Rio de Janeiro, in addition to being the country's

center of culture and political life, is an industrial city as well. Peace quickly restored foreign trade. Exports began flowing out of the interior. Imports increased enormously through Rio's great port. And now the city might be described as a combination of Washington and New York on a small scale.

Of course all of this growth in wartime was hampered by the same shortage of gasoline, automobiles, busses, and rolling stock on the railroads, that other countries suffered from. People lined up in long queues to wait for busses. The outsides of open street-cars were hung with passengers during rush hours. Trains were jammed to the lowest steps and commuters even hung onto the outsides of locomotives and rode in their coal bunkers to get to work. It was enough to spoil anyone's manners, but Rioites kept their famous courtesy and smiled through.

Now, as always, if you stop to watch the crowds passing you in the street, you are impressed by their friendliness. Both women and men waiting in line for a bus will give up their place to a woman carrying a baby, to someone old, or sick. Men still offer their seats in a bus to women who are standing, which is not the custom in most other South American countries. Strangers greet each other politely if they happen to sit down at the same café table. Or if an unused chair is moved from one table to another, care is taken to ask permission of the person sitting next to it. There are countless public courtesies still in vogue from the time when almost all Rioites were acquainted with each other. And everybody still smiles in a special warm Carioca way, during these little social contacts.

When friends come together the smiles turn to wide grins of pleasure. Two men greet each other with exclamations of happiness. They slap each other on the shoulders or reach under each other's arms to exchange pats on the back. This is called an *abraço*, or embrace, and is a typical Brazilian expression of friendship. An invitation to a demi-tasse of coffee usually follows, and they stroll toward the nearest table.

Now watch two family groups meet. The men exchange *abraços*, the women kiss each other on both cheeks. Children kiss the older people's hands, men kiss the women's hands. These are not mere gestures. There is sincerity and warmth that shows they are truly glad to see each other. As they stand in the center of the sidewalk, passers-by who have to go around them look pleased too, instead of being annoyed at this blocking of their way. After living in Rio de Janeiro for a while one becomes accustomed to the sunny natures of its inhabitants, and the people in the streets of one's own country seem cold and hard by contrast.

Everybody speaks Portuguese, of course. But you can't walk far through the center of town without hearing English and French, and perhaps Spanish and Italian—for the city is always full of foreigners, refugees and immigrants who came to live permanently in Brazil, or people on international business. Usually you can pick them out by their clothes or features. But there are also many different types of Brazilians in the capital, since they come from every one of their twenty states, and are descendants of practically all of the European nations as well as of their own Indian races and Negro slaves. They range from blondes with blue eyes to dusky-skinned brunettes with eyes like black velvet.

Because Spanish is basically much like Portuguese, most Brazilians understand it, although Spanish Americans cannot understand Portuguese so well. All educated Brazilians speak at least one foreign language. Formerly French was the favorite. But now many are studying English, too. Cariocans who command five languages are not uncommon. In fact they are such especially brilliant linguists that at a party in Rio de Janeiro, where foreigners are present, one can hear them switching from one tongue to another with an ease that astonishes North Americans.

This cosmopolitan effect of many mingled races and many languages is what strikes visitors most forcibly. But if a Brazilian resident of some city in the interior is asked what he thinks is the outstanding characteristic of Cariocans, he will likely say it is their

love of dress. And he will add that typical Rioites will stint on food in order to buy better clothes. They are ashamed to be seen in unfashionable or worn clothing, which would be perfectly proper in many other parts, although all of Brazil is more concerned with clothes than we are in North America. About the only badly dressed people in downtown Rio are beggars, and most of these look newly bathed, for almost everybody has access to shower baths. The costly linens and sharkskins of the rich are highly polished, silks and woollens seem to have just come from the cleaners, and even workers' cottons are fresh from the tub. Barber and beauty shops are always full. All men have well-cut hair that often shines with brilliantine, and every woman has a perfect hairdo. On every street you get whiffs of lotion and eau de cologne from freshly barbered men. And there are trails of heavier scent from the women. For tropical people accustomed to the heavy fragrance of their flowers and spices, love to use perfumes. And Brazil, cut off from France by the war, has learned to make her own. The clothing, too, is from Brazil's own new textile mills which not only supply the home markets but ship materials to all other South American countries. If you buy a spool of thread in Peru or Ecuador, you might easily see *INDUSTRIA BRASILEIRA* printed on the spool.

One of the things you have already noticed is the great number of sidewalk cafés where crowds are always seated in the shade. These are so popular during the hour just before lunch and after four o'clock in the afternoon it is difficult to find a free table along the Avenida Rio Branco. Although there are usually a few women and children, the majority of the patrons are men, for they meet to do business in these pleasant places. They have coffee or some other refreshing drink while talking over their affairs. Some cafés are practically reserved for jewelers, others for brokers, etc.

Usually the drinks are not alcoholic, for Brazilians do not care much for liquor. They like best a *refresco de cocó* which is the liquid and soft pulp of the water coconut beaten to a froth with

sugar and ice. Or they drink a beverage called *guaraná* made from a fruit something like the coffee berry that grows only in one district on the Amazon where the Indians developed it. There it is called "Indian Eye" because that is what the berry looks like.

Strange and wonderful tropical fruits are made into drinks and ices here, just as they were in Manaus. American Coca-Cola is popular, too, bottled locally. But the favorite is coffee, drunk many times a day in this central section of the country, where coffee raising and selling is the biggest business of all. There are many stand-up coffee bars open to the street, with a number of wide doors so people can rush in, buy their check in a hurry, and sip a tiny demi-tasse without losing a minute. Nearly everybody fills the little cup almost to its rim with sugar before the steaming hot drink is poured in. To save time and the trouble of going out for it, coffee is passed around in many offices at fixed hours. And a businessman frequently sends out for it to the nearest café, to treat important callers. Even while going up in a skyscraper elevator, the coffee boy with his tray is likely to squeeze himself in, pour out the tiny portions all the way up for passengers to gulp between floors, dropping into his saucer the cent or two costs. His cups, that hold the usual two tablespoonfuls, are throw-away paper cornucopias set in metal frames like miniature sodawater glass holders. Some people drink as many as twelve demi-tasses a day, including the ones they take after meals and for nightcaps, since coffee never keeps a Brazilian awake.

Besides coffee shops, bars and sidewalk cafés, the *confeitarias*, which are combination tearooms and ice-cream parlors, are full to overflowing at the tea hour. But almost nobody is drinking tea, or even maté, the Brazilian tea from down South. Most in demand are ices, sundaes, cakes of many sorts and French pastries, or malted milk and ice-cream sodas from real American soda fountains that people never stand up to. For everybody sits down at tables and waits patiently to be served. But some of these shops have heated glass cases full of tiny meat pies, shrimp croquettes,

and other hot Brazilian specialties that people choose and eat standing on the spot. These snacks are presented to the customer on a toothpick or with a wisp of paper napkin, so no hand-washing is necessary. Smart well-dressed people stand around these hot-pattie stands, conversing with friends who have also dropped in to enjoy the delicious tidbits. It is a delightful custom.

As might be expected, such refreshment places are in the shopping district, which is scarcely separated from the commercial part of town, for there is never room enough in the small crowded Center, as it is called. To see the stores one must walk and do a little window shopping. And this is easy because two of the most important streets in the retail district are for pedestrians only. They are too narrow for other traffic, but wide enough for leisurely Rioites who saunter from one door to another, gazing at the window displays and goods hung up in doorways, which give a holiday air.

One of these gay streets in Rua do Ouvidor, Street of the Judge, from the old days when many streets were named for their occupants. It might be called Street of the Reader, today, for there are many book stores and windows filled with the latest publications, in bright dust jackets. But underneath are ordinary paper covers, since Brazilians like to have their books bound to suit their own taste. These stores are full of browsers, dipping into new books that come out every few days. You will recognize the names of many authors and some of the titles, too, since the most popular successes in North America are now translated into Portuguese, as well as many scientific and technical works. For Brazilians want to know what is going on in the world outside their huge country.

On this street, too, are stores which handle only silks, others just stockings. That is one of the curious things about shopping here. There is not one department store in town, but every kind of merchandise has its own special store. Umbrella shops sell nothing but umbrellas. And there are even shops specializing in

handkerchiefs. Several jewelers on Ouvidor Street display the wonderful products of Brazil's diamond mines, her gorgeous tourmalines, aquamarines and golden topazes. Souvenir shops show jewelry made of blue butterfly wings, snake and alligator leather goods, and trays and boxes of precious native woods, of which polka-dotted Paraná pine is a favorite.

The other street for pedestrians only is very properly named for a poet, as the lovely flower market is at one end and the daintiest things are displayed in the florists's windows. This poetic *rua*, street, is named after Gonçalves Dias, whose verses are beloved by all, although he lived in Rio long ago, writing and teaching school while Brazil was still an empire.

Wandering about, you note shops for women's wear, others for children and some for men only. You stop and look at gorgeous orchids in the flower shops, as well as crystallized tropical fruits in the fancy grocery shops, besides glass jars of all the fruits from the Amazon and other distant sections of this vast land. You note the surprising number of perfume and cosmetic shops with glittering bottles in their windows. Drug stores are astonishing, too. Those in the Center are enormous, filled with customers two or three deep along the counters, waiting to buy drugs—for they have no soda fountains or novelties, just medicines.

In all this looking around, you only begin to feel at home when you find a Loja Americana, American Store, Brazil's "Five-and-Ten." These "dime" stores, where prices go up to a dollar and more, were started by a North American. And their window dressing, arrangement of counters inside, and even the ice-cream and hot-dog counter, all look American, though the girl clerks who wait on you cannot speak a word of English.

Down on the water front, the great central food market is a fine place to learn what the Cariocans eat.

Some of the neighboring restaurants have been here for ages, just off the square called 15 de Novembro, the day of the founding of the Republic, like our 4th of July.

This oldest part of town has several other interesting churches and Portuguese style buildings left over from other times. And the Palace of Tiradentes, corresponding to the United States House of Representatives, is within a stone's throw. An enormous bronze statue of Tiradentes, the Toothpuller, stands in front of it. For it was on this spot that he was executed in 1792, for leading the movement for Independence from Portugal. During the Fascist rule of Brazil, this House of Representatives as well as the Senate, was closed, for the dictator-president made all the laws himself, just as he liked. And Tiradentes seemed to be looking down sadly on this new outrage to the liberties he died for. But his expression becomes peaceful again, whenever the Brazilian people win back their right to make the laws under which they live.

Streams of people are constantly pouring through all of these down town streets on their way to the always crowded ferries that cross the big bay called Guanabara. They go to Niterói, twenty minutes away, Rio's twin city. Niterói is the capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro, and has its own business districts and industries. It is completely separate from the City of Rio de Janeiro, which is the capital of all Brazil and is in the Federal District, just like Washington is in the District of Columbia. Niterói has the same close connection with Rio de Janeiro that Jersey City has with New York.

Niterói's bright semi-circles of lights are a part of the great show of Rio Bay at night, when it all seems like a mammoth jeweler's window full of diamond necklaces, bracelets and brooches.

In a city founded four hundred years ago that now has about two million inhabitants, there are naturally many things to see and do. So many, in fact, it would be impossible to enjoy all of them. There are museums of history, of art, and of natural history, and wonderful collections of Indian arts, which show how Brazil came to be and what the country is made of much better than can be learned from books. There are fine libraries and

public buildings, each with something special to interest a visitor. Some of the Catholic churches that date back to the early days of Portuguese missionaries, contain rich treasures in paintings, wood carvings, silver, vestments and jewels. They are always open, and a few people are always inside, even when no services are going on. Although there are large groups of Protestants, the majority of Brazilians are Catholics. And many of them are very religious.

Even the many public parks and squares are something special to see. Their fountains, artificial lakes and canals, ornamental bridges, statues of Brazilian heroes, collections of tropical plants and animals, make them very attractive.

One of the oldest is a charming park called *Passeio Público*, Public Walk, facing the bay by Monroe Palace. It was originally a marsh lighted at night, only with a candle in a niche over the door of a convent, and a fish-oil lantern hung in front of an adjoining house. A hundred years ago, however, it was drained and the enormous trees that beautify it today were planted. Crowds of people stroll along the garden walks under their shade day and night. And now the only record left of its swampy past is the name of a short thoroughfare, called *Rua des Marrecos*, Street of Wild Ducks. The *Passeio Público* leads into *Avenida Beira Mar*, Bayside Drive, lined with parks where there are colored fountains, and box hedge trimmed into amusing shapes, camels, elephants, lions and other animals.

But the finest of all Rio's fine parks is the Botanical Garden, under the lee of Gavea Mountain. You enter it through a double row of ancient royal palms, which have furnished the seeds for heaven-reaching palms you see scattered all over the city. This famous garden was started by King John of Portugal, when he ruled in Brazil. It has over a hundred acres of rare trees and plants, including an Amazon garden brought from the regions you flew over.

The huge *Quinta da Boa Vista*, Garden of the Beautiful View, at the other end of town, began as the private grounds around

the palace of this same King John, and continued to grow under his son, Emperor Dom Pedro I, and his grandson, Emperor Dom Pedro II. It is a lovely and romantic playground. The Palace of the Emperors there has been made into the National Museum, and the grounds contain a fine Zoological Garden that specializes in Brazil's many wild animals and birds.

On Sundays these unusual parks are full of Brazilians enjoying themselves, although the real passion of local residents is Sunday football. The teams that play soccer for national and South American championships are like Big League baseball teams in the United States, and their crack players are real heroes. Hundreds of thousands of fans turn out to fill the great stadiums, or hang over their radios at home, following every play. In fact boys begin to practice soccer as soon as they can toddle, by kicking tennis balls and oranges around. All hope to become champs some day.

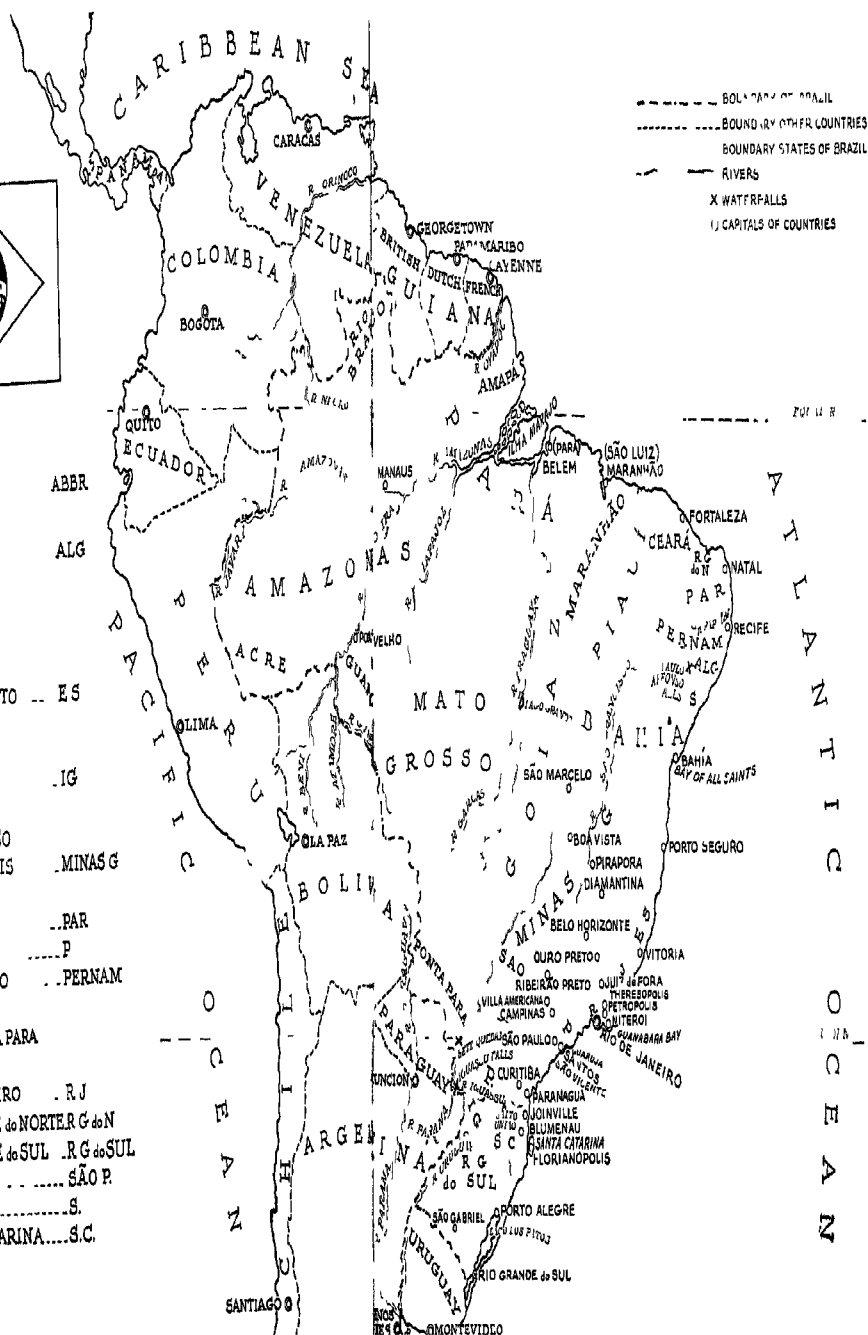
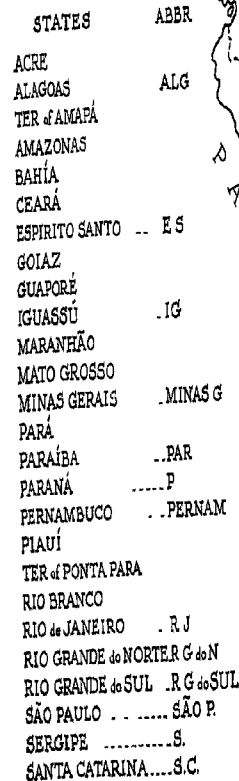
But visitors from North America, where we play a different kind of football, seldom stay long enough to become soccer fans. To sight-seers, watching national sports events—except perhaps Sunday horse races—is less thrilling than the ascent of Sugar Loaf Mountain, that bare rock rising twelve hundred feet out of the Bay. A car swings passengers on a cable right through the air. Starting from the mainland you make the exciting trip across space. Then you find yourself standing on the pointed top of the island rock, shaped like an old-fashioned cone of sugar, called a sugar loaf. The view of Rio from here takes your breath. But it is even more breath taking from Corcovado, the Hunchback Peak, almost twice as high. A streetcar makes the long climb through beautiful woods, to perch you up on this Hunchback.

Other favorite outings are picnic trips to the lovely islands whose palms and greenery dot the Bay. Or to resorts in the Organ Mountains, whose peaks make a jagged sky line across the northern landscape, suggesting a gigantic pipe organ. The summer capital, Petropolis, is chief of these mountain pleasure spots.

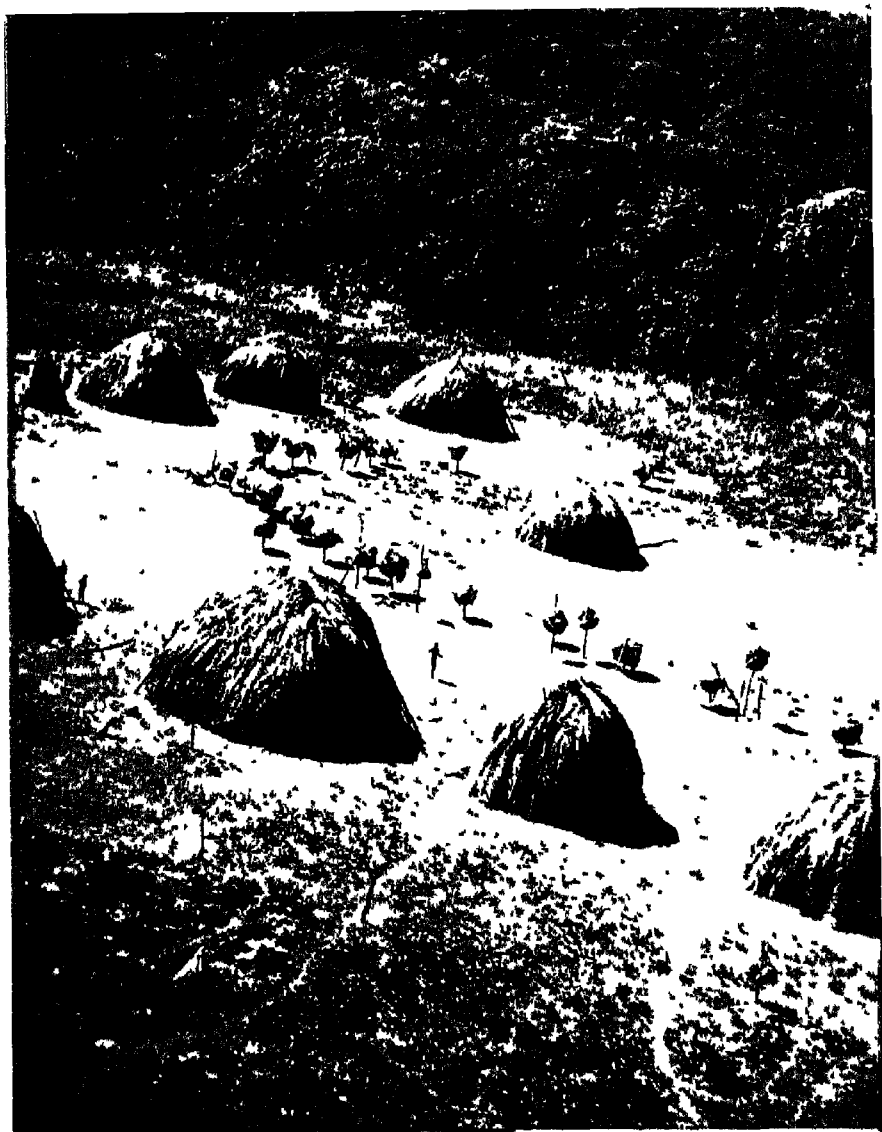


Brazilian Government Trade Bureau

The Corcovado Mountain, with statue of Christ overlooking
Rio de Janeiro Harbor











Tropical foliage along an Amazon jungle stream

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Rubber worker gashing rubber tree





Thatched house of palm leaf

Amazon River houses built on stilts

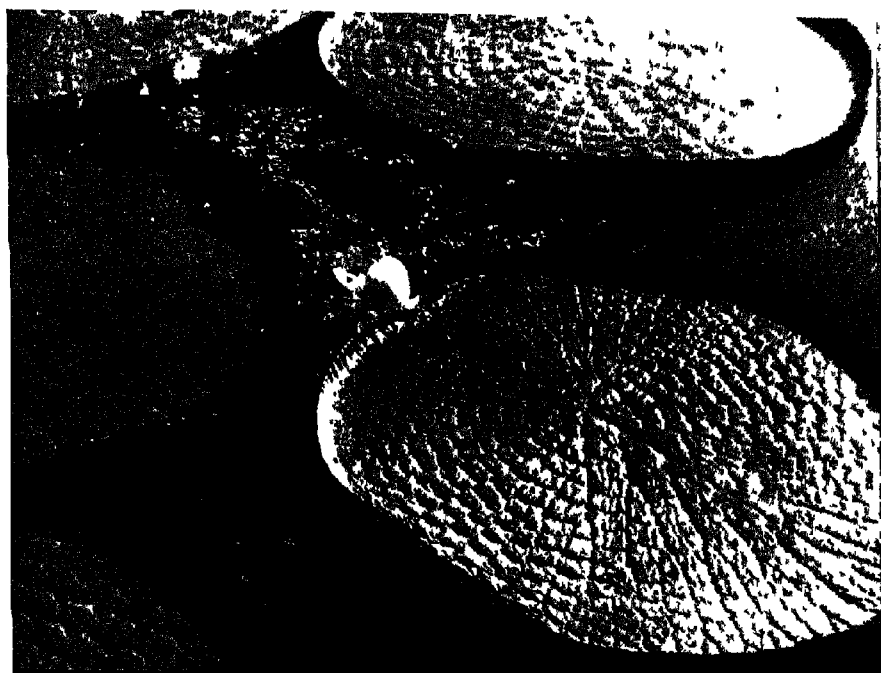


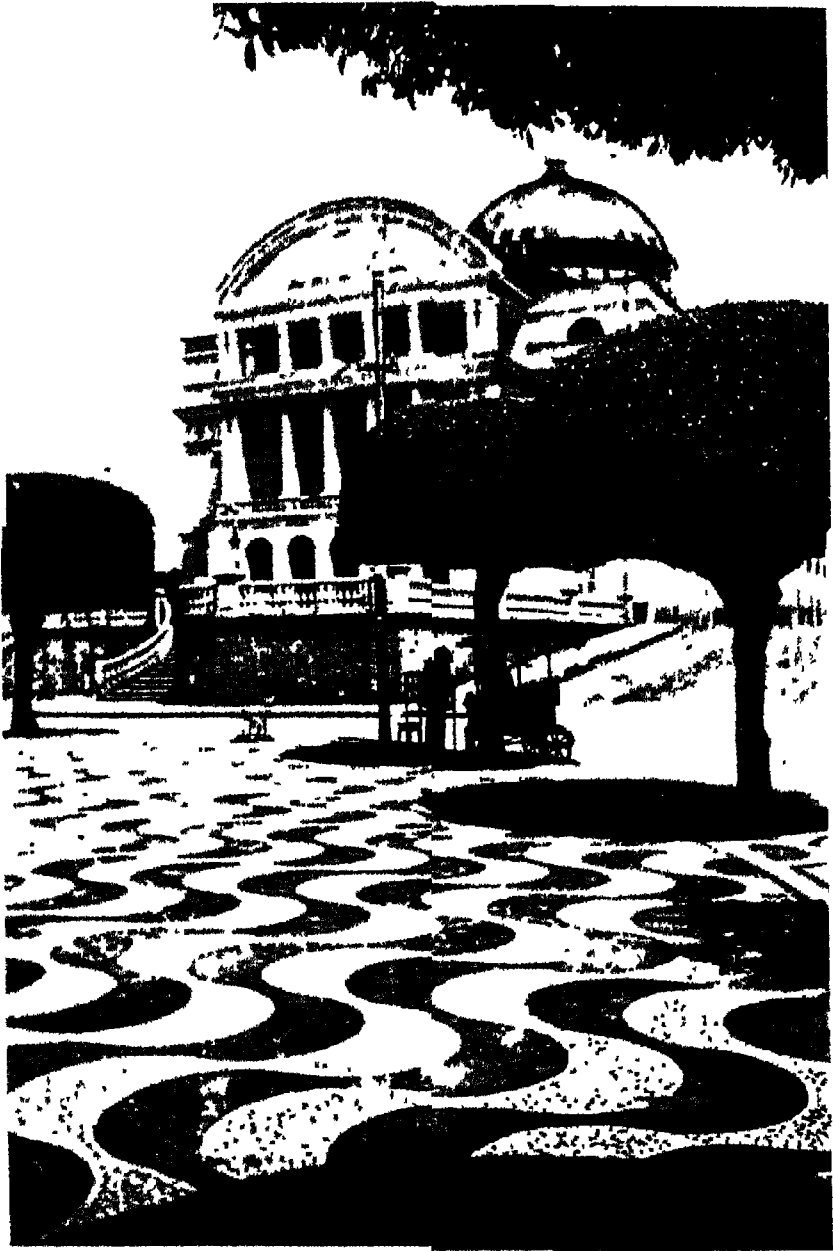


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"Amazon sail" of leafy branches

Huge pads of the Amazon lily



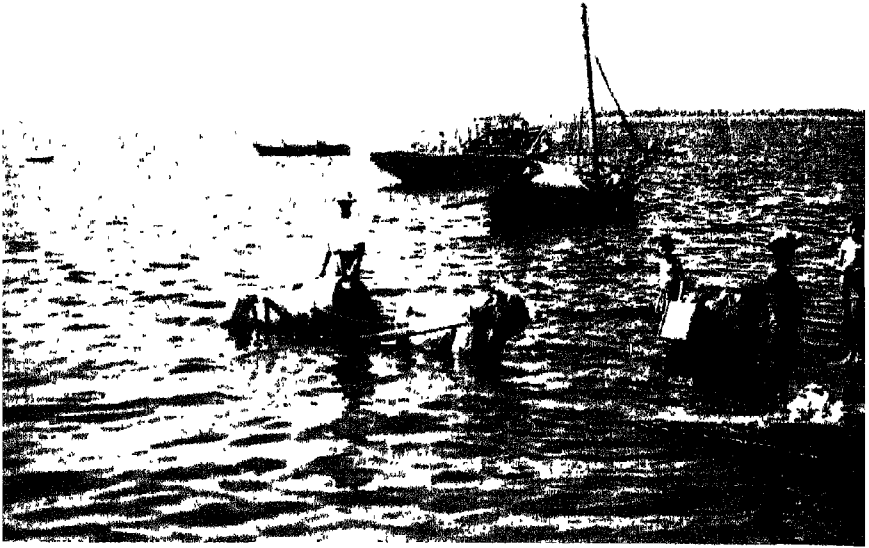




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Laying a mosaic sidewalk

Brazilian Government Trade Bureau



Unloading boats at Santarem

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Guanabara Bay, showing Sugar Loaf and Rio Harbor

Brazilian Government Trade Bureau





Brazilian Turtle



Tapias

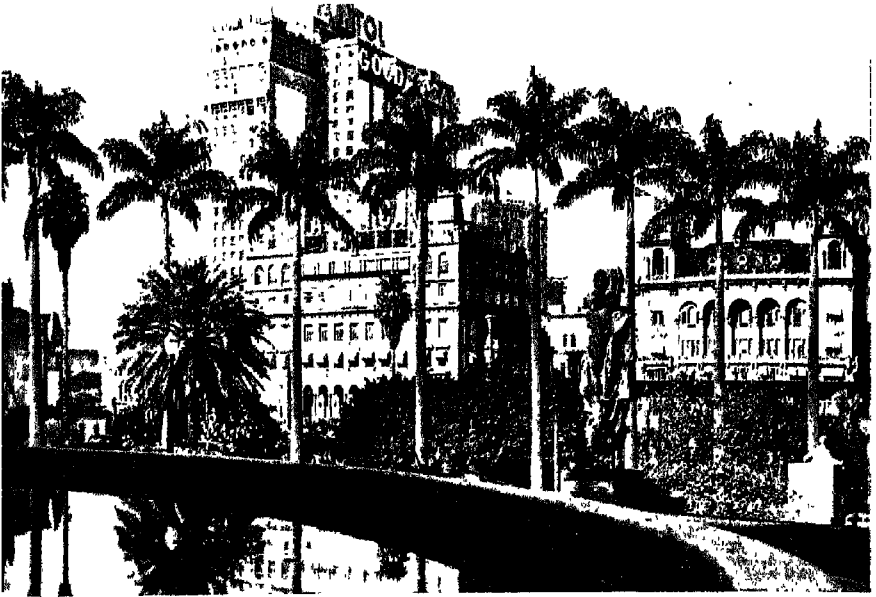


Capybara

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Night Monkeys



São Paulo

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An old street in Bahia

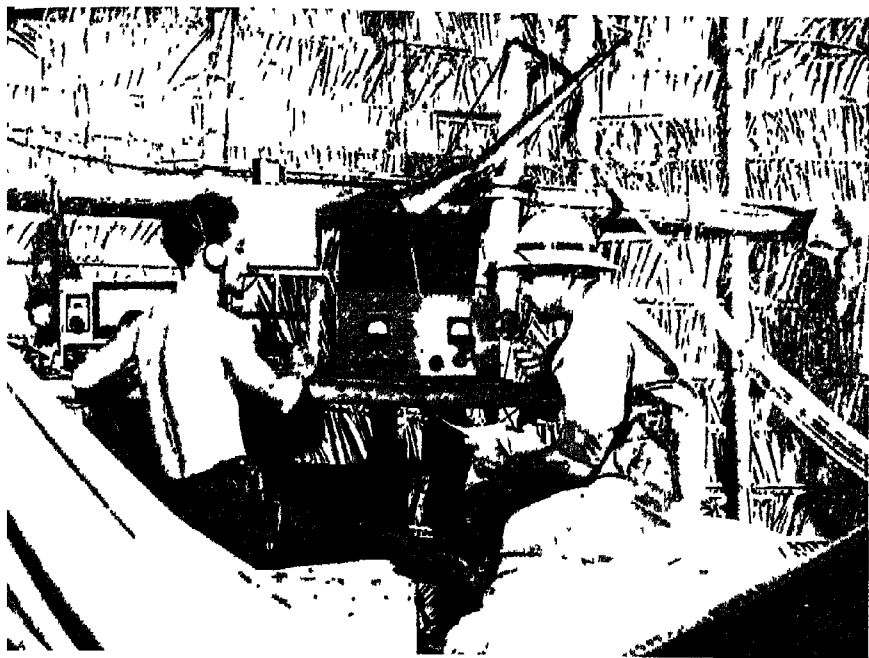






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Steel Factory at Volta Redonda



Frontier Army Radio Station in
Central Brazil



Boy from Alagoas



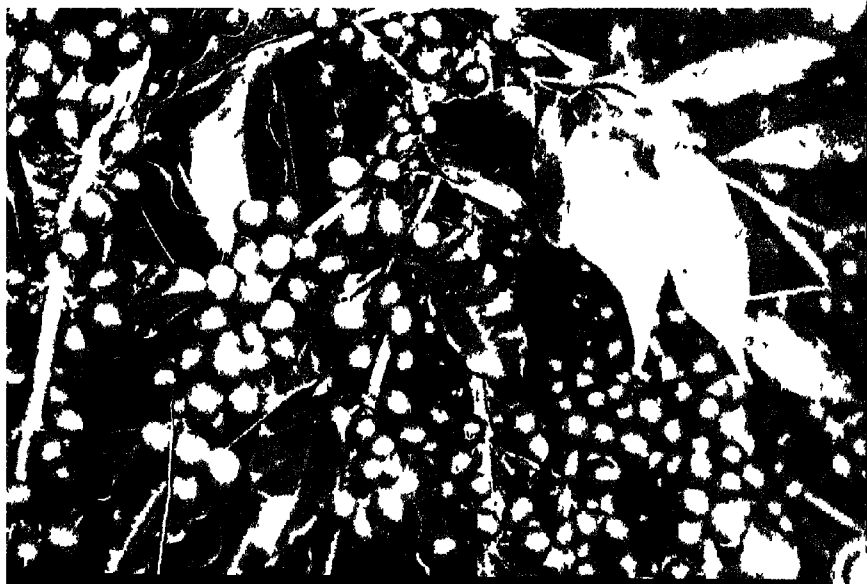
A pretty Brazilian girl

Picking coffee in Goiás



Coffee berries

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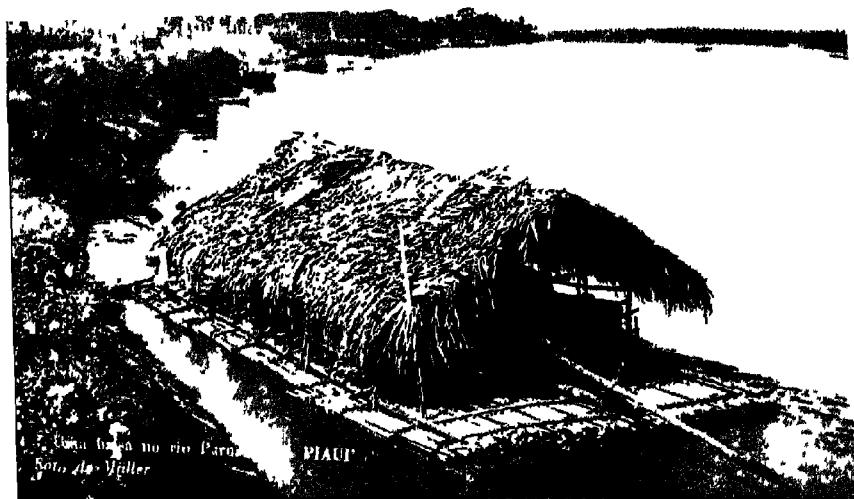
Ox-team on the São Francisco River

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Gauchos of Rio Grande do Sul





Uma casa no rio Para.
Foto de Miller

PIAU

Balsa wood raft and houseboat

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Grape harvest in Paraná





Bananas at Santos in São Paulo



Transporting the pineapple crop, Manaus

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Sifting mandioca meal in Pará





Covered wagons in the cattle state of Rio Grande do Sul



Market women in Bahia

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São Salvador, Bahia





Sugar cane in Pernambuco

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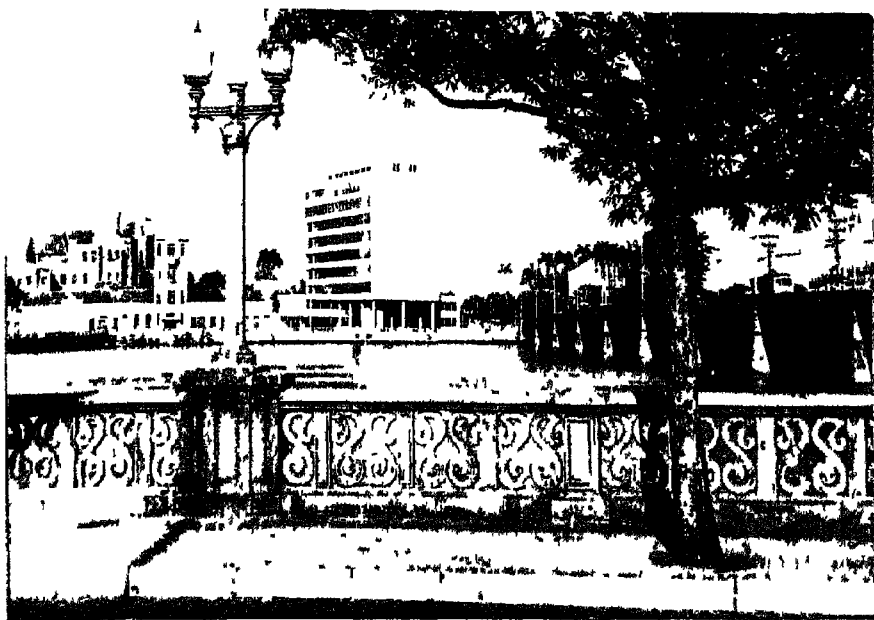
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Guaraní Indians of Rio Grande do Sul





Church in Ouro Preto



Recife, the "Venice of Brazil"

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Climbing a coconut
palm in Paraíba

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Carnival time in Rio

It was founded by Dom Pedro II in the days when Rio de Janeiro was a very unhealthful place to spend the summer. Petropolis is noted for lovely views and beautiful flowers, but it is also an industrial city full of weaving mills run by water power. The government moves up there during the hot months and summer vacationists fill its flower-lined streets and woodsy trails. Everybody is playing tennis, ping-pong or golf, and taking high dives in swimming pools. Rich Rioites have homes here they only use from December to March, the four hottest months. Besides older hotels and boarding houses, there is a great hotel, called the Quitandinha, one of the largest and finest in South America. Tourists from everywhere enjoy its indoor pool and outdoor sports.

A smaller summer spot is the flower-filled town of Theresopolis, connected with Petropolis by a dramatic mountain highway and also served with a separate railroad from Niterói, Rio's twin city across the Bay.

Young people living in Rio de Janeiro never lack for things to do, with all the sports to share or watch. These include water contests, crew races, yachting, swimming and diving, horse racing and mountain climbing. And besides the outings and dances of private clubs there are movies, theatres and wonderful concerts, for Rioites are great lovers of good music. Brazilian composers and musicians give constant programs, and there are no better pianists in the world. Besides, the best talent from abroad is always attracted to Rio because of the enthusiasm of its audiences. This includes several opera companies, which come for a short season each year to the handsome Municipal Opera House.

When there is nothing else to do, there are always the beaches, free to all. For Brazil has a very good old law which makes public all beach property. No one is allowed to own any part of the water's edge or build closer than a given distance from the shore. Thus there are miles of bathing space, gorgeous long sandy stretches, where people come as often as they like all the year round. On holidays and week ends, young people and whole

families only go home to eat and sleep. They play handball, shuttlecock, beach badminton, and practice soccer, while children build sand castles and learn to swim and dive almost before they can walk. All become so bronzed by the sun that they look like Indians, even though they may have had no Indian ancestors.

One could linger in Rio de Janeiro forever, having a wonderful time. And this city, so unlike any other in the world, is the essence of all Brazil. It has beauty and glamor, fun and work, kindness and culture, all distinctly Brazilian.

But there are other places in this thickly settled coastal region, which are just as interesting in their way. So you will be off shortly for a trip into the adjoining state of Minas Gerais, General Mines, where the diamonds come from, and whose capital is Belo Horizonte, Beautiful Horizon.

CHAPTER V

*** Minas Gerais ***

THE MINEIROS, Miners, as the residents of the state of Minas Gerais, General Mines, call themselves—whether they are doctors, lawyers, farmers, or real miners—take the greatest pride in their state capital, Belo Horizonte. It is a man-made town that they compare to Washington. For it was all planned on paper. First a lovely location was chosen at a three-thousand-foot altitude. In the tropics this means a pleasant climate. And before a stone was moved, or a brick laid, or a bag of cement poured, the blueprint for a perfect garden city was worked out. Everything was thought of for years in advance.

A plane hop directly north from the capital, crossing a portion of the State of Rio de Janeiro takes you there in an hour. Half of the trip is above the first long highway ever built in Brazil. It did more than any other single thing to develop Minas Gerais. You see it today filled with automobiles, busses, and trucks carrying all the multitude of the State's products, from food stuffs to textiles. These have taken the place of earlier travelers on horseback, stagecoaches, and pack mules loaded with gold and coffee, for which Dom Pedro II had the road built nearly a hundred years ago. You fly over some of the richest farming, dairying and coffee country, many prosperous small towns, and the manufacturing city of Juiz de Fora, Frontier Judge. This was once the terminus of the highway, but is now a sizable city full of textile mills.

As your plane comes down in Belo Horizonte, you see the circle of hills that gives the city lovely sunsets and its name, Beautiful Horizon. And you see how it is laid out, radiating like the spokes of two wheels from the public square of the City Hall and the

park of the Governor's mansion. The avenues are a hundred feet wide, allowing for future growth of traffic. They are lined with trees. There are over a hundred squares and little parks. Wide drives lead out to industrial areas. And the entire city is surrounded by a Circular Avenue. But the most interesting sight as you draw near, is a modernistic building that is reflected in its own lake. This is a permanent fair where samples of everything produced in the State are displayed. Especially impressive are the valuable metals and precious stones.

Besides the permanent exhibition, there is a yearly State Fair with its own display grounds. The special feature of this event is a cattle show of fine animals from all the stock farms and ranches. For after leading in minerals, Minas Gerais heads all other states (except Rio Grande do Sul) in beef and dairy cattle, horses and hogs. Most interesting to the foreigner is the national breed of zebu or Brahma steers, known as Indubrasil from their East Indian origin. They have great humps on their shoulders, and their adorable calves with expressive soft eyes, loose hides and down-flopping ears, look as if Walt Disney designs them.

Pretty, modern, and comfortable as Belo Horizonte is, North American tourists do not linger here long. For near by are several historic mining towns worth visiting. Of these the most interesting is the former state capital, Ouro Preto, Black Gold, only a bus ride away.

The whole town of Ouro Preto has been made a national monument, and the country around it a national park. Nothing has been changed here from colonial times. And it is very dear to patriotic Brazilians as the site of the early struggles for liberty and independence. The general idea is like that of Williamsburg, Virginia, which has been restored to its original appearance of the Revolutionary War times. Just as Williamsburg is full of the memories of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, Ouro Preto preserves the spirit of early heroes, especially Tiradentes,

the Toothpuller. This heroic dentist dared to defy Portugal and agitate for independence.

Soon after the United States had won the Revolutionary War, he carried a copy of the new North American Constitution around in his pocket. Although it was forbidden, he read it to all who would listen. Many Mineiros joined him. But his courageous fight for his country's freedom failed. And Tiradentes was hanged in Rio de Janeiro, where his statue marks the spot in the old section of town. His martyrdom is also commemorated every year on Tiradentes Day, just as North Americans keep Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. The meeting place of the revolutionists in Ouro Preto is greatly revered. But Tiradentes' own home was destroyed by Portuguese authorities whose orders were not to leave any trace of it for future generations to remember.

Such measures as these all over the province of General Mines, soon brought most of the riches, as well as the actual placer mines, into the hands of the Portuguese, instead of the native Brazilians who had discovered them. Bitterness followed which led to the long revolutionary history that distinguishes this state.

It was not necessary to do much restoring in Ouro Preto. For the town has had a peculiar history shared with a number of other old Brazilian mining towns. It grew rapidly while thousands of slaves were kept panning gold out of the sands of the streams and gulleys where it had been collecting for ages. But when these locations were all washed up, there was no more. And Ouro Preto stood still for a century.

Most of this gold was sent to Portugal. Brazilians were not allowed to keep or wear any of it. But the law did not apply to the Portuguese who lived in Ouro Preto. And they all built fine houses and magnificent churches. Altars were covered with gold leaf, communion services were of solid gold or silver, and the richest of jewels ornamented the images.

Some Brazilians managed to make fortunes in spite of the laws. And while the mines were flourishing, this little town in the

mountains had the most beautiful paintings, statues, and wood-carvings in Brazil. It had some of the finest Colonial architecture, too, and the best equipped homes. Fortunately, laws protecting these antiques were passed before modern industry rushed into the district. Also, the capital was moved to Belo Horizonte, where it could grow without destroying the historic monuments of Ouro Preto. Its lovely public fountains, charming bridges, even the cobbles of its streets, take one out of the modern world. Curved roofs that the Portuguese learned to make in China, wrought-iron lamps and grills, house fronts and garden nooks covered with picture tiles, and doorways of carved soapstone—all of these have been lovingly preserved along with the splendid churches. They show how life was in Brazil's past.

Of course the slaves lived as badly in their miserable huts as the masters lived well in their fine homes. But even the slaves got a tiny share of the gold and built a beautiful church to their black saint. They worked in regimented rows, their legs in the icy water of the mountain streams, with the whip of the overseer ready to lash if they stopped. Many died of pneumonia. But others survived and prospered under better laws that later protected them.

Among these was a famous character known as Chico Rei. For he was an African chief, bought in the Rio de Janeiro slave market along with his family and many of his tribe. With the greatest energy and patience he worked in his limited free hours, as slaves by that time were allowed to do. Through superhuman efforts he managed to wash out enough gold to buy his freedom and that of his sons. They all kept on working until they had purchased the freedom of the rest of their tribe. Eventually they got a placer gold location which made them well off, and paid for the handsome church. Chico Rei remained king of his people and head of the great yearly celebrations given by their church. These took place on the Sixth of January, day of the biblical Three Kings, who took gifts to Bethlehem. Since one of these kings was African,

the day had a special meaning for the slaves, and especially for Chico Rei, who had been born a king in Africa. There were special services in the church and a great procession with Chico Rei walking under a velvet canopy. And afterward there was dancing in the streets.

But that was nothing to the rich festivals the white masters gave in those Ouro Preto days. Everything used during the festivals and church processions held by the Portuguese officials and mine owners was encrusted with gold and set with diamonds. Gilt fringe was of real gold. Priests' brocaded vestments were so stiff with it they could stand alone. Tacks on the sedan chairs were of pure gold. Even the Mammies and favorite house servants were hung with bracelets, chains and big earrings, and even wore diamond rings on their fingers and brooches on their blouses.

There was nothing but gold to think about, what it would buy, and how to outwit the Portuguese authorities and hold on to some of it. For the laws forbade any other sort of industry.

No wonder that the discoverers of diamonds kept the secret from the Portuguese king as long as they could. But when he sent out a governor to the mining regions the news was likely to leak out. So samples were sent to Portugal. The king held a public holiday, and masses were said in thanksgiving all over Portugal. The stones then began to arrive in Portugal at an astonishing rate. For the usual laws were made more stringent with penalty of death for disobedience. All diamonds larger than twenty carats belonged to the king. Forty per cent of all other stones were taken by the Crown for taxes. The mining output was enormous, presumably two million diamonds were panned out of the streams in the next fifty years. The center of this mining district was Diamantina, a quaint and charming town something like Ouro Preto, about two hundred miles to the north.

Long after the gold rush was dead and buried, the diamond rush went on. Seven states of Brazil are still rich in diamonds, and one of the very best districts is the same Diamantina where the

madness started in the seventeen-twenties. To diamonds have been added, in later years, the riches of semi-precious stones, tourmalines, aquamarines, topazes and crystals.

Although mining is not what it used to be, modern methods have kept Minas Gerais the leader in Brazil. And the State still has the deepest gold mine in the world—a mile and a quarter down. It is owned by an English company, and the village of Morro Velho, Old Hill, that has grown up around it, looks as if it has been lifted up out of England and set down intact—with red brick cottages, chimney pots, hedgerows and rose gardens.

But today other mineral resources are beginning to make the Mineiros rich, as the Portuguese-controlled gold and diamonds never did, for they have whole mountains of iron ore. These, with other Brazilian deposits, are said to amount to one-fourth of the world's supply. There is an untold amount of manganese to go with it and all other minerals and metals needed in making steel.

Unfortunately for this state, however, the enormous new steel mills, financed by a big loan from the United States, are located outside. Although the iron deposits center around Belo Horizonte, the mill is at Volta Redonda, in the State of Rio de Janeiro. The choice of the site was greatly resented by the Mineiros.

The most powerful states in all Brazil have been Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo and Minas Gerais, in this order. All three have been equally jealous of each other. Rio de Janeiro surrounds the Federal District and capital city. It has profited by federal docks and shipping facilities, and the vast sums spent on improving the capital. And it is the political center of the country.

Minas Gerais feeds the Port of Rio de Janeiro with her many products and finds the capital city one of her best markets. But she actually got her wonderful start, as you have seen, through the wealth of the early mines, especially gold and precious stones.

Then along came coffee, which made the three central states of São Paulo, Minas Gerais and Rio de Janeiro, about equally important. Coffee was power, and that made this trio the leaders.

CHAPTER VI

*** São Paulo—The City and State ***

THERE ARE four ways of traveling from Rio de Janeiro to São Paulo. The quickest, of course, is by plane. But you can go by ship to the port of Santos. Or by car over a well-kept motor road. The fourth choice is by rail, the main line of the Central Railway of Brazil, which is owned by the government.

Since businessmen frequently go back and forth between these two biggest cities of Brazil, there is a special night train called the "Luxo," Luxury, that leaves in the late evening. It is made up entirely of sleepers of European design. Instead of an aisle down the middle, there is a narrow corridor along one side. Doors open from this into many small compartments which fill the rest of the car. Each has its own separate window. And there is a tiny dressing room between every two compartments. The arrangements are comfortable. There are two bunks, one above the other, a drop table and seats, reading lights and running water. It is something like a steamship cabin. And of course, being Brazil, the coffee man makes regular visits through the train all night and will appear at the door with his tray if you press the bell.

Pleasant and luxurious as this way of making the trip is, tourists prefer to go by daylight in order to see the country. And, besides regular day trains, there is a special daytime service, too, which you will prefer. It is called the "Litorina," and consists of separate club cars, which leave the Rio station one at a time. They are fitted with comfortable chairs, and run over the rails by storage battery. Tray lunches are served at midday, coffee at all hours, and tea in the afternoon. They arrive in São Paulo just in time for dinner.

Soon the railroad begins to climb the shelf of mountains that separates the coast from the highlands. Your car shoots through several tunnels and continues over rough and hilly country until it reaches a rolling plateau with bright red soil. Farm lands begin here. There are fields of waving sugar cane and corn, pastures of grazing cattle, and plantations of pretty plants with decorative leaves that produce the beans castor oil is made from. The orange groves in this climate never seem to stop bearing, for you see the trees with both yellow fruit and white blossoms at the same time. There are occasional coffee plantations, but coffee does not become the important crop until you are nearer São Paulo, the world's greatest coffee land.

Along the railroad tracks runs the Rio São Paulo motor road. This is a part of the Pan American Highway that will someday link all of the Americas from the United States to southern Argentina. Some of the speeding automobiles and trucks like to race your car, and win. Most of them are splashed heavily with mud, or covered with red dust, showing they have come a long way over back roads. Cars grow thicker the nearer you come to São Paulo, for it is the center of the nation's automobile industry and has the largest number of motor vehicles. Now big farms, that are whole industries in themselves, give way to small ones with neat modern bungalows. There seems to be almost no dividing line between these and the suburbs of the city, which sprawls over a large area. In fact, it was growing so fast into the country, before World War II slowed down the building boom, that seven thousand new houses went up in the year.

The first thing a visitor to São Paulo observes is the bustling spirit which gives it the reputation of being the Chicago of Brazil. It is higher and cooler than the coast towns. The streets are more brisk than those of Rio de Janeiro. People walk faster. They look keener, but less happy and friendly. They smile less readily, as if pressed for time. There is a sense of everybody's being much more on his toes, going somewhere, getting things done. It is a spirit

that Paulistas, as the people call themselves, have always cultivated. With it they have made their city second only to Rio de Janeiro in population.

They have been aggressive ever since the first white man, a brave Portuguese sailor, Ramalho, came tramping up the mountain barrier over an Indian trail to settle down and marry the chief's daughter. Without knowing it, this Chief Tibiriçá had picked out the future site for South America's most important industrial town. Besides cross trails for traveling in all directions, it had a stimulating climate, wonderful water supply and rich soil. Soon Ramalho was joined by two missionaries, Nobrega and Anchieta, who built the Catholic church and school for Indians that started the settlement. Early Paulistas started out valiantly to conquer all the country within their reach. And they have been doing it ever since, even today with commercial conquests.

Not only do the people in the street move more quickly and act busier than those in the capital, they have a different appearance. This is partly because of about two million inhabitants, many of them are foreigners. Italians greatly outnumber all the rest. They not only flavor the customs and food, but dominate important industries. Brazil's greatest fortune was piled up by an Italian named Matarazzo who came to São Paulo as a poor immigrant. In the foreign population, Portuguese are second. Then come Spaniards and Germans. This combination gives the surging crowds much the same look as North Americans. And the city itself resembles Cleveland, or Detroit, with its modern business thoroughfares and skyscrapers—except in the old section.

Broad avenues lead out to fine homes and lovely gardens. In spite of chilly damp days and cold nights of winter on this high plain, flowers rise out of the rich red soil all the year round, and open to the warm sun when it appears. Orchids and azaleas mingle with roses, dahlias, and all the other blossoms of colder climates. For São Paulo is the only big city of the world which is half in the Tropic Zone and half in the Temperate. It sits astride

the Tropic of Capricorn. A golf course built along this imaginary line gives the players the unique opportunity to drive the ball from one zone into the next.

Paulistas have a great zest for both business and pleasure. They want the biggest and the best of everything, not only packing houses, weaving mills and factories, but museums, schools, and cultural activities; music and arts as well as sports. The only big department store in Brazil is here, and a mammoth stadium worth visiting. It seats eighty thousand spectators, and is a whole city in itself. It has restaurants, bars, doctors' offices, emergency hospital, gymnasiums, test rooms, apartments for visiting teams, extra grandstands, concert stages and radio equipment. There are wonderful lighting towers for night games, and under-water illumination to show off swimming-pool events. These are broadcast all over Brazil, as are the results of the popular horse races.

But for the North American, who is used to the same sort of thing at home, São Paulo is not nearly so colorful and charming as the national Capital. One might just as well be in a modern industrial town at home. Narrow streets in the old business center are crowded with trolleys, busses, trucks and automobiles. Most of them are assembled in local factories and roll on tires made of Brazilian rubber, right here on the spot. If you go up in one of the many tall buildings or climb a hill in the residence part of town, a forest of smokestacks shows the reason for all the activity. And besides these run by fuel, many factories get their power from near-by hydroelectric works. Also there are endless dreary streets lined with the cheerless homes of workers who keep the machines running. For Brazilian labor is poorly paid.

All of São Paulo's wealth once came from coffee alone. But now it rolls in from other crops such as cotton, rice and fruit. And from the ever-growing industries, as well. In fact, coffee made São Paulo so powerful and arrogant that the state has always resented the extra tax burden it had to bear in support of the federal government. There have been constant attempts either to control the

entire nation, or to break away from it and found a separate republic. This selfish ambition led to rebellion in the nineteen-twenties and actual civil war in 1930. It furnished a breeding ground for Hitler's plots just before World War II. But this period has passed. Now Paulistas are discovering they need the rest of Brazil as a market, as much as the nation needs them. And coffee is still the biggest business in the whole huge state, which is the size of New England plus Pennsylvania.

The most interesting historic Mecca in the city is Ipiranga Hill, where independence from Portugal was declared by Emperor Dom Pedro I, in 1822. Paulistas are proud of the fact that the event took place in one of their suburbs. And they are proud, too, of the part they played in defying Portugal by refusing to pay exorbitant taxes. São Paulo took the lead, like Boston at the time of the Tea Party. Later the fine Ipiranga Museum was erected on the spot. And there is a big bronze statue of Dom Pedro I on his horse, waving his sword, as he did when he made the famous cry of "Independence or Death!" On its base is sculptured, in bas relief, the whole thrilling scene. It shows the young Emperor whirling as he spurred his mount up the slope. His courtiers around him are swearing their support with lifted swords.

The primitive palm-leaf hut, in which Dom Pedro had spent that night, has been preserved, too. And it stands on the museum grounds as a testimony to the sturdy and lusty nature of the first Emperor, who loved such rustic adventures and had the courage to take the first successful step in freeing Brazil from oppression.

Of all the things to see here, the Butantan Institute is the most unusual. It is another of those scientific enterprises that Brazil has contributed to the world. Though not so important as Oswaldo Cruz Institute—in Rio de Janeiro, where all tropical diseases are studied—Butantan has saved thousands of lives. It is best known by its more common name, the Snake Farm. It is literally that. For it exists only to keep snakes and extract their

poisons, to prevent and cure poisoning from the bites of other snakes. Hundreds of venomous snakes are sent each year from all over Brazil to this Institute. They live as naturally as possible, in miniature igloos of cement.

To show you how the poison is extracted, an attendant in high boots walks in among the rattlers and other deadly reptiles. He holds a snake down with a wire-fitted stick, so he can pick it up by its neck. Then his fingers press the poison glands over a glass beaker and make them spit out their venom. The beaker is taken to the laboratory. And serum is prepared from it for hypodermic injections. These serums are sent all over Brazil, for there are poisonous snakes in every part of the country. Rural drugstores and big modern plantations always keep a stock on hand. Explorers carry them. And they are a part of all engineering and construction first-aid outfits. For the injections must be given at once to save the victim's life.

At Butantan Institute there are collections of non-poisonous snakes, too, kept for the study of their habits. And within the laboratory building is a museum that shows the result of all the research into the natures of reptiles, and the effect of their poisons on man. There are stuffed snakes, as well as their skeletons. And enlarged plaster casts of the jaws, fangs, and poison sacks, show the nerves and muscles that work the deadly venom. It is very educational, but at the same time quite like a bad dream.

Now that you have finished your city sight-seeing, you will want to take a trip out into coffee-land. But before you go, you should hear the popular story of coffee as every Brazilian child knows it.

Unlike tea, which was important from the dim past in China, coffee is a comparatively modern drink. Its botanical name "Coffee Arabica," would suggest that it originated in Arabia. But it actually was an African plant. And it was carried to Arabia because of its shining leaves, fragrance, and fruit as bright red and pretty as Christmas holly. According to an Arabian

legend, a shepherd boy watched his flock feed on this fruit and the tender coffee leaves. Then his camels and goats played and gambled about all night. He tried some himself and could not go to sleep. After that he always nibbled a few of the berries when his animals were in danger, so a lion or thief never caught him napping. The priests heard about it, and soon they and other devout Mohammedans learned to eat the fruit when their religion required them to pray all night. No one knows who discovered how to roast and grind the seeds to make the fragrant drink. But by the time Brazil was discovered, it was a popular beverage in western Europe.

Coffee had become so important in France that when the French governor came out to the Island of Martinique, in the early part of the eighteenth century, he brought a little coffee plant with him. His sailing vessel was held up in midocean by weeks of calm. When drinking water was almost gone, and no one on the ship was allowed more than a few sips a day, he divided his water ration with the little plant and went without himself. Thus he suffered from thirst for two months, to save the life of the first coffee tree in the Western World. It grew and produced seeds that he sent to every neighboring French island and colony. A law was passed at once, with a heavy penalty for anyone who carried the seeds beyond the French borders.

One of those colonies was French Guiana, where, in due time, a Brazilian official from Pará went to visit the Governor to settle the boundary between Brazil and French Guiana. When this business was finally finished, Brazil gained part of what is now the Territory of Amapá. This is a rich wild jungle along the Atlantic Ocean, north of the mouth of the Amazon. But an incident of that visit was still more important. For the governor's wife, as was the French custom, served the visitor a cup of coffee. He was enchanted with the drink, and was so sad when told about this law. But before he left, he was taken out into the garden to admire the coffee trees full of fruit. And while her husband

looked the other way, the governor's lady filled the guest's pockets with the berries.

Thus, after these seeds were distributed to a number of planters, coffee got its start in Northern Brazil. Thirty years later a traveler brought four seedlings on the long slow trip down the coast to Rio de Janeiro. One of them he gave to Capuchin monks who tended it with the greatest care. It was the only one of the four that lived. And it is living still, in the garden of their former monastery, in Evaristo da Veiga Street.

This one mother plant became the ancestor of all the coffee groves that sprang up in the State of Rio de Janeiro, and up the valley of the Paraíba River, in the State of Minas Gerais. Coffee had already made many planters wealthy in these sections before it followed the Paraíba River down into the State of São Paulo. Here the altitude, soil, and climate were especially favorable.

The whole of Brazil is dotted with thousands of spots where coffee is grown for home consumption. But the favored states for export crops are in the order of coffee's history: Rio de Janeiro, Minas Gerais, and São Paulo. The last, and by far the largest, São Paulo has a billion and a half trees on four million acres. And these produce one half of Brazil's crop.

The coffee plantations begin almost at the city limits. And they extend pretty much all over this state. There are about a dozen districts. Some are old and near, others far away on newly cleared and planted land. These are the best, for the trees, or rather the high bushes, deplete the soil.

Brazilians have followed the same evil path as North Americans did. So long as fine land was plentiful, they cleared and planted. They mined the good earth of richness with their crops. When it was about used up, they moved on and cleared some more. But as it has been nearly a hundred years since coffee became king of Brazil, and fifty since it took over the State of São Paulo, suitable lands are growing scarcer. Now there are various schemes to in-

duce settlers to go farther and farther into the unbroken wilderness.

It was the coffee growers who first brought the thousands and thousands of Italians across the seas. They began advertising for immigrants in newspapers in Italy after the Negro slaves were set free. And they also made contracts with other European countries, as well as with Japan, to send big groups of colonists. Since the planters had to live up to the rosy promises of homes and opportunities made in these contracts, many of them put up decent workers' dwellings of two or three rooms. They are usually in rows, like old Southern slave quarters. Some of the plantations are so big that these avenues of houses, the chapel, store, school, barns and cleaning sheds and floors, make up a good-sized village. Usually it has a depot of its own, for shipping the crop. In fact, one old plantation had thirty miles of its own tracks and its own locomotives.

You can see some of this grandeur, as well as modest independent colonists' small farms, by driving about seventy miles in an automobile as far as the town of Campinas. And you can take a few pleasant detours on the way.

There is a great variety of scenery and farms along the road. Some of the worn-out plantations have been turned into vineyards and orange groves, or they have become stock farms that specialize in cattle of European breeds. In intensive stock raising, these are more profitable than the hardy Brahmas crossed with rough native animals, such as are found in many parts of Brazil. The pastures are lush with a very special grass, called "fat grass," because steers fatten on it into the prime beef that finds a good market at the São Paulo packing houses.

A number of typical towns lie along the way. And you will stop to see the one scenic spot, a pretty waterfall named by the Indians, Itú Falls. But this trip features the miles-long rows and rows of glistening coffee trees. If it should be spring, that is from September to December, the trees will be snowy with blossoms

and the air heavy with perfume. If this trip is made in the fall, that begins in April, the air will be almost as sweet with the scent the bright red berries throw off. At this time the whole countryside springs to excited action to get the valuable crop in.

Both men and women go to work, stripping the berries off by hand onto canvas spread under the trees. To reach the highest branches they stand on short stepladders. Others carry away the fruit and dump it into runways of water, down which it floats to the processing sheds. There the pulp is separated from the seeds by machinery. And the seeds, or "beans," are spread several inches deep on great cement platforms. Men with rakes keep them moving while they dry in sun and air. Afterward, they are sacked in burlap bags ready to ship.

When the crop is all harvested there is a great reckoning, for the workers raise coffee on the shares, with all the trials of North American share-croppers. They live on credit all the rest of the year, buying food and necessities from the plantation store. And they are always hoping it will turn out so there will be something left over after their accounts are paid.

There is a great contrast between the simple homes of these workers and the usual great plantation house, where the owner lives when he is staying on the plantation, just as one finds in some of the southern states of North America. But no one is more aware of this than some of the Brazilians themselves. A conscientious movement that will in time give more comfort and opportunities has been started so as to raise the standard of living of landless agricultural laborers. And when they learn, under a democratic regime, to take part in their government, they will be able to alter these conditions themselves.

You find Campinas a quaint old town now being modernized. It was one of the first rural settlements in the state. And it still has Portuguese-style buildings and old-fashioned villas with their rich fruity gardens. Its chief historic claim to fame is as the birthplace of Carlos Gomes, one of Brazil's world-renowned composers.

Carlos' father was a music teacher here in the middle of the last century. And he had a big family of twenty-six talented children. As they came along he gave each one a musical education, and put them to work in the family orchestra. Carlos was made a member at the age of ten. And along with the others, he learned to play several instruments. The Gomes family played for concerts and parties for miles around. Their father made them memorize the scores of most of the classic and popular music of that time. Thus he gave Carlos a good start. And then the Emperor, Dom Pedro II, discovered the young composer and sent him to Italy to study. He worked very hard, as he had learned to do with his father. And his first success came in Italy. His operas have been played ever since, especially the most popular one, *Guarani*. The theme in this is the struggle between whites and Indians in the sixteenth century. And it was suggested to Gomes by a two-volume romance using the same story. It had the same name, too, and was written by the classic novelist and poet, José de Alencar. The Gomes score uses the flutes, trumpets and *maracás*, rattles, of the Indians. And these instruments must be in the orchestra if the music is played successfully.

Campinas is now trying to be a little São Paulo. Its population has grown to one hundred thousand. It has factories making textiles, pottery, machinery, and many other things. It is a crossroad of the best state highways, and a railway center. One of the railroads goes all the way to the Bolivian border, across that faraway river where your stratosphere spectacles showed you the man walking on the water.

Several miles from Campinas is Villa Americana, American Village, where defeated Southerners came as refugees after the Civil War in the United States. The pretty rolling country reminded them of Tennessee. And they had dreams of being happy in Brazil where they could still have slaves. But in spite of Emperor Dom Pedro II giving them his personal help to get started, most of them were sorry they came, and went back home. The

trunks of Confederate money they brought with them were soon worthless. Few of them had ever learned how to work. They did not know the language. And conditions of life in the State of São Paulo were most primitive at that time.

Those who stayed and won out have many descendants now living in the cities. They are mostly professional men who send their children back to the States to college. And they are still very United Statesian after several generations. Few remained near the original Villa Americana, however. But the simple little brick church they built here, is surrounded by graves that have old Southern family names on the tombstones.

You could go on from Campinas to Ribeirão Preto, Black Stream, two hundred miles farther, by car, plane or railroad. There you would see the richest coffee district of all. But it would not differ greatly. So, instead, you will follow the coffee down to the Port of Santos, by a railway said to be the best tended in the world, for when an English company was given the concession to build this road, it was forbidden to send home more than a certain percentage of profit. So excess profits have been spent in improving the road.

Shortly after leaving São Paulo on this line, heading eastward, you come to the Alto da Serra, or edge of the mountain ridge. This is the same familiar shelf that separates the uplands from the sea for hundreds of miles along the Brazilian coast. From here on, the perfect condition of the line shows in every little detail. Each small stone of the ballast that holds the ties looks manicured. Never a speck of rust mars the silver shine of the tracks. Telegraph poles and flagmen's stations are painted and polished. Flowers bloom in track-sided gardens. Nowhere is there any of the ugliness usually connected with a railroad.

But soon there is no time to look at this marvel, for a cable starts letting your train down a steep incline. Views of the unique city appear below. The harbor takes form with pretty islands not far away. In fact, Santos itself is built on an island. It is separated

from the mainland by a narrow river channel that makes it one of the safest of harbors.

Once a pest hole, dreaded by sailors and avoided by ships if possible, Santos has become a healthful and picturesque city of 200,000 inhabitants, with lovely tropical parks, miles and miles of hard sand beaches, and all the attractions of a resort. There are so many things to do, and all are so accessible in a city of this size, that residents claim they have the best times in the world. There is fine fishing, hunting, horseback riding, motorboating, sailing, canoeing, mountain climbing, sea bathing, swimming in still waters, every kind of sport and games, including casinos both in town and on the islands.

One of these islands, Guarujá, has all this fun tied up in a single package. Sunday visitors with many children come to the beach-side hotel from Santos. And São Paulo residents spend their chilly winter weeks in Guarujá's warm surf and sunshine. In fact Santos hotels and homes seem always full of São Paulo guests. They are noted for their hospitality and pleasant informality.

Another of the important islands, now a suburb, is São Vicente. The very first settlement in Brazil, if not in the Americas, was made here in 1532. That was early indeed. Santos proper was not founded until ten years afterward. And then it was only a hospital for sailors, called Hospital dos Santos, Hospital of the Saints. In 1591, English pirates landed and stole everything that they could take away. All this happened before a single settlement was started in the United States of America.

You have a pretty good idea of the general looks of the town and surroundings by the time the cable lets your train loose at the foot of the mountain. But you are not nearly there yet. You begin to cross a stretch of hot flat land, filled with banana plantations. This used to be the breeding ground of the malaria and yellow fever Santos was famous for. The mosquito swamps have all been drained away now. And the land has been planted with a special kind of dwarf banana tree. The fruit hangs low and is

easy to pick. But the bunches look almost too heavy for the short stems to hold up. These bananas are very productive and easy to raise. They have not the fine flavor of less commercialized varieties that banana-lovers prefer. But they fill the markets of a people who must eat bananas every meal. And they pay the biggest profits, besides being easy to ship to southern Brazil, Argentina, and even Europe. Many of the growers are Japanese, who control much of the growing and selling of fruit and vegetables in Santos.

After a few miles of monotonous rows of banana plants, which grow here like giant grasses, the train reaches Santos and you smell coffee. First it is the strong, acrid, oily odor of the millions of sacks of raw coffee beans that seeps out of all warehouses, freight cars, trucks and docks. It is not an especially pleasant smell, except to men who are in the coffee business. They grow to love it. Then you get whiffs from coffee roasters that remind you of breakfast at home. For Santos folks are great consumers of their own brew. And homes as well as cafés must have it freshly roasted at all hours.

Santos looks like an easy-going, soft-mannered place. Here people saunter through the streets, even slower than they do in Rio. But once you are near the Coffee Exchange, you see them speeded up as in São Paulo. In spite of prices and shipping releases being fixed at all times by ironclad rules, the buying and selling is an intense business.

Suppose you visit the air-conditioned offices of an American who represents one of his country's biggest chain groceries here. Although it may be broiling hot outside, some of his office workers are wearing light weight sweaters. You see nothing else unusual until you are taken to the testing rooms in the back. Here the purchases of the company are tasted, for coffee is so tricky that even the beans from the same trees vary in flavor and quality according to the year and weather. Since North Americans buy brands according to their taste, these brands have to be kept always the same by blending different kinds of beans until the

expected flavor is obtained. It is interesting to watch the professional coffee taster at work. He sits at a small revolving table before a circle of cups of black coffee made from little samples that have been roasted for this trial. Each cup has a number. And it is his job to recognize the flavor that most nearly matches the standard required by his chain store. He takes a sip, and spits it out into a basin. For to keep his taste working properly, he must never drink any of it. He spins the table to the next cup, tastes that, and spits it out. He goes on until he has tried every cup and noted the number of the best, next best, and third choice. It looks easy, but few people can become coffee tasters. The profession requires discipline and a very sensitive palate that must be guarded as carefully as a pianist cares for his fingers. He must never smoke, drink alcohol, or eat highly seasoned food.

Having followed coffee thus far, you want to see it safely aboard the ship that will take it to the United States. The docks are astonishing for they are four miles long and have berths for fifty big liners at a time. Freight cars bring coffee right to the enormous warehouses. Conveyor belts carry continuous lines of sacks from warehouses up over the sides of the ships, and fill up the holds in a matter of hours. This work used to take days when each sack was carried separately on a human head.

Now, all that remains is to try a cup of this special Santos coffee yourself. So back to a café near the Exchange, where it is best. Fill your tiny cup nearly full of sugar, like a Brazilian, out of the patent shaker. As a waiter tilts his little pot, watch the rich, velvety, brown stream melt the sugar. Nothing could be clearer, or darker. It tastes like syrup. Perhaps it is too strong for you. Santos coffee experts prefer it this way. But if you drink it, you will feel your head swimming around.

CHAPTER VII

✻ *Southern Brazil* ✻

WHEN YOU STEP southward over the Tropic of Capricorn that runs through the City of São Paulo, you expect to be in a cooler Brazil. For everything is the opposite here, South is cold, the North hot, and our summer is Brazil's winter. But actually the climate changed somewhere along the ride you took from Rio de Janeiro in the *Litorina*. That was because you were high above the sea, in an altitude with fresh winds, fog and much rain. So now as you head south from the City of São Paulo and cross into the next State, Paraná, the temperature is no different. And there seems at first to be nothing new.

There are the same oceans of coffee trees, plantations of cotton, corn and rice. Hogs, cattle, horses and mules are raised by the same methods. São Paulo's good railroad extends through Paraná and the two states south of it, all the way to Argentina. The same Brazilian part of the Pan American Highway that you have already seen, has been built through the tail of Brazil to the Uruguayan border. If you go down to the sea you will have to drop over that mountain shelf. Paraná's more than a million inhabitants work as industriously as Paulistas. In fact, São Paulo likes to look upon Paraná as part of her own territory. And Paraná being smaller—less than the size of Pennsylvania—does not seem to mind.

But presently, you begin to see products that this state shares with the two other Brazilian states of the Temperate Zone. First are the enormous forests that are peculiar to the far South. Here are wildernesses completely different from the tropical jungles of the Northern and Central States. Millions and millions of these great trees, known as Paraná pines, cover thousands of acres. They

grow to great heights, reaching two hundred feet. And fine specimens are from eight to ten feet thick. But there is a curious thing about them that gives the Paraná forest a strange look. Their branches grow in circles, instead of alternating. A group of branches makes a swirl around the tree, then there is a stretch of bare trunk, before another circle of branches. The effect is quite different from any other tree. And the resulting knots in the wood give it an interesting polka-dot pattern. Woodworkers make it up into all sort of decorative objects, from lamp shades and trays to furniture. These same pines furnish the pulp for making paper. And this is a new industry, started in the three Southern States when World War II cut off the foreign paper supply.

But the greatest gift of the southern forests to all Brazil is maté, also called Paraguayan tea. For it is a tea made from the leaves of a small tree belonging to the holly family. And these trees grow wild in the higher altitudes of the Paraná pine forests. So here tea is free for the picking. But nevertheless, harvesting the leaves has become a real industry. They must be gathered, dried, sometimes even smoked, and prepared for the market. The maté groves are far away from towns. Gangs of men with camp equipment, and food supplies including beef on the hoof, hike into the forests every summer. They work from December until July stripping the foliage from the maté bushes and spreading it out to dry. In order to bale the fluffy leaves into smaller bulk, they pack them into wet, raw beef hides. As these contract in the sun and air, they press the leaves so close together that they must be pulled apart afterward. Then the bales are sent to factories in the towns, where maté is sorted, chopped, and packaged.

Every little store all over the country stocks these packages. They cost only a fraction of the price of what is called China or English tea. This also is grown in Brazil, but not so successfully. And if you ask for tea in a small modest café, you are pretty sure to be served maté in a teapot, with cup and saucer, and the regu-

lar tea accompaniments. But Southern Brazilians have their own special maté customs. They mix individual portions of the chopped leaves with sugar in a small pear-shaped gourd, called "maté" by the Indians, and that is where its name came from. Frequently these gourds, or "matés," are trimmed or mounted with silver, or have designs and owner's name carved on them. Hot water is poured in, and the drink is sucked through a special silver *bombilha*, or tube, fitted with a pierced bulbous end that keeps out the dregs. The gourd may be filled with hot water several times, for the leaves lose their strength more slowly than our tea leaves. And the infusion does not grow bitter. In maté-drinking regions, people take the drink many times a day, just as they take coffee in other parts of the country. It is a common sight on chilly mornings to see men standing against their houses in the sun, having a liquid breakfast of maté out-of-doors. They cuddle the gourd to warm their hands, while taking little sucks at the *bombilha*. And after a while someone runs out from the kitchen with the teakettle to add more hot water.

Early missionaries found the Guaraní Indians using maté, and traveling for days on no other nourishment than this drink. When it was introduced into Europe it was called Paraguayan tea, for it was shipped down the river through Paraguay, and the Paraguayan Jesuit priests gave it publicity. According to early English novels, it used to be served at parties. But the British put Oriental tea on the world market. Thus maté was left to South America. And everywhere south of São Paulo, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is the one necessary beverage.

This state of Paraná has two cities, both modern and busy. The state capital of Curitiba, up in the highlands, is the center for the agricultural and lumbering region all around it. The inhabitants take pride in the snowfall that only comes once or twice in a lifetime and lasts until the sun shines.

The most sensational railroad in Brazil connects Curitiba with the other city, the Port of Paranaguá. The train runs for three

hours through suffocating tunnels, and over suspension bridges and viaducts that give it the effect of a long roller-coaster ride. Paranaguá has the finest natural harbor of all Brazil, so someday it may outstrip Santos and Rio de Janeiro.

But what visitors come to this state to see are the two great falls of the Paraná River. They were briefly in the Territory of Iguassú. But this territory carved out of the states of Paraná and Santa Catarina survived only a short time and is not in existence today. A small portion of the very long Paraná River was the western boundary of the territory, and the northern boundary between it and the Territory of Ponta Pora. It separated Iguassú from Ponta Pora, Mato Grosso and Paraguay. And at the point where these come together is Sete Quedas, Seven Falls. But by different methods of counting at various times of the year, there are as many as twenty falls, for the upper Paraná River, that looks like a lake, suddenly rushes through many gorges, as it takes wild and terrifying leaps from the high level to the low.

Thus instead of being magnificently one, like Niagara, the deluge is broken into many divisions. But the total volume of water is more than twice that of Niagara. And the many falls roar much louder because of the terrific echoes that beat back and forth in the deep gorges. The setting is wild and romantic. And the rainbows in the mists that hang over them are very beautiful.

The other spectacular falls of the Paraná are Iguassú, which means Great Waters in the Guaraní Indian tongue. The Falls of Iguassú are not actually in the course of the Paraná River, but a short way above it, in the Iguassú River. This tributary rises in the State of Paraná. And it flows southeast to become the border between Brazil and a corner of Argentina. Here it takes a sudden plunge over the same rocky barriers that form Sete Quedas a couple of hundred miles north of here.

People are always trying to prove that Sete Quedas is bigger than Iguassú, or vice versa—and that both are mightier than

Niagara. The figures make Iguassú nearly twice as wide as Niagara and forty-three feet higher. And Sete Quedas is much higher than either. But it is difficult to compare the looks of these Brazilian falls with the North American one, because they are so spread out. Iguassú's two divisions are broken with jutting rocks into literally hundreds of cataracts, almost all of them named. Turtle Island, in the middle of the main stream, breaks the view, too. So the only way to see all of Iguassú Falls at once is from a plane, through the mists and rainbows they make.

The most beautiful flowers thrive on these mists, and butterflies in swarms are fed by the flowers, which make the woods lovely to walk in. One of the paths leads to a lookout where you gaze down twenty stories at the Salto União, Union Leap, into roaring torrents that plunge into a gorge called the Devil's Throat. Brazil's dividing line with Argentina runs through the center of Salto União. This is where Argentina's National Park begins. There is a queer bit of geography here, where Argentina runs out a little tongue of land between Brazil's Territory of Iguassú and Paraguay. It is caused by the Paraná River taking a sharp turn to the left.

A plane from Iguassú takes you across the equally queer southern tail of Brazil. It lands you in the largest city of the South, Porto Alegre, Happy Harbor, state capital of Rio Grande do Sul. And you get a peek at Santa Catarina, Saint Catherine, as you fly over and make fueling stops.

This tip of Brazil, that trails down the coast from the main body of the country, has as long a history as the rest of South America. The expedition, in which Amerigo Vespucci piloted one of the ships, is supposed to have been the first to touch its shores, in 1502. A little later an unfortunate Portuguese vessel was wrecked here. And some of the sailors who managed to swim ashore, lived ten years on Santa Catarina Island. Florianopolis City of Flowers, state capital of Santa Catarina, grew up where their grass huts once stood.

But the Portuguese were really only interested in the hotter lands to the north, which were better for raising sugar cane with slave labor from Africa. Europe had become crazy for sweets. Sugar was a great new luxury and sold for the highest prices. Besides, the Pope gave nearly all of Paraná and Santa Catarina, with the whole of Rio Grande do Sul, to Spain. And this led to long disputes which held back any permanent settlements. The region was not even included in the early Portuguese government of Brazil.

Thus the development of farming in these three states was delayed until after the Brazilian Independence. Then various offers were made by the Brazilian government to immigrants from Europe. And groups started coming out to build settlements and homestead farms that have grown up into today's prosperous and modern communities.

As in North America these farms were small compared with the enormous plantations of the rest of Brazil, where many square miles of land were ceded to one owner by the Portuguese Crown. At first the people of one nationality all stayed together. Germans took over a section and transplanted a little bit of Germany there. The Polish immigrants set up replicas of their farms and villages back in Poland. Later Italians came to plant vineyards and raise vegetables.

A similiar thing happened in the United States, where wide areas were settled by Germans, some by Poles and Lithuanians, others by Italians. But unlike the innmigrants to the United States, whose children became real Americans, in Brazil they remained Europeans. Down through several generations they continued to speak their own languages and educated their children in their own schools. They kept themselves apart, and mixed with Portuguese-speaking Brazilians as little as possible.

The city of Blumenau is an example of transplanted Germany. It now has 40,000 inhabitants and is a hundred years old. The founder, a German doctor who gave the town his name, did more

than any other one man to settle Santa Catarina. Joinville, one of the oldest of these colonies, preserves the look of a German town to this day. And both have many blond and blue-eyed citizens. In fact, people of very dark complexions are scarce in these parts, where the few slaves owned by colonists were mostly house servants. And the land was cultivated by the Europeans with their own hands.

In this state of saw-mills and lumbering, as in Paraná, one frequently sees frame houses, like those in North America, especially in Polish districts. And even brick houses in Santa Catarina often are built with wooden beams as in Germany. Even the farm wagons are of German or Polish designs, and so they look quaint and old-fashioned in this newer land.

Rice, which is produced in every state in Brazil, partly gives way here to wheat and other northern crops. Farming methods from Europe were introduced with European grains and fruits. Ships sailing out of the busy ports not only carry lumber, coal and maté to the rest of Brazil, but apples, pears, grapes, and other cold climate fruits, and Irish potatoes and onions—all of which were formerly imported. The thriving industries of both Paraná and Santa Catarina include practically everything, from cheese, ham and sausage making, commercial canning of fruits and vegetables, to shoes, furniture and hardware.

On the way south, crossing the state line into Rio Grande do Sul, one is still in regions dominated by colonies from Europe. Germans have made themselves indispensable in building the farms and industries of Rio Grande. This is especially true in and around the capital and chief city, Porto Alegre, named Happy Harbor no doubt because of its special situation—for like several other fortunate coastal cities, Porto Alegre has the advantage of being an ocean port where the largest sea-going vessels can dock, along with a sheltered position well inland, in the upper end of Lago dos Patos, Duck Lake.

Curiously enough, the enormous territory of Brazil is almost

without lakes, except those connected with its rivers and ocean, such as Lago Grande on the Amazon, and salt or brackish lakes along the seashore. Duck Lake is the largest of these, being a hundred and fifty miles long and thirty miles wide. It was formed by tides working in and out behind a line of reefs. And when the discoverers first saw it, they thought it was the wide and salty mouth of a great river. So they named it Rio Grande. The name was taken over by the entire state, even after all knew their Great River was only a Lake of Ducks.

This peculiar bit of geography is common along this part of the Atlantic coast. There are literally hundreds of big and little lakes and inlets cut off from the sea. These were suspected of being submarine hideouts during World War II, because it was a well-established plan of Hitler Germany to carve out a South American Nazi nation by cutting off the tail of Brazil and joining it to the neighboring states of Argentina. The Nazis of southern Brazil's German colonies were well organized and ready to turn the territory over, as were the same elements in adjoining Argentina.

This was part of a wide-spread plan based on cutting up all of Brazil, and making a Nazi conquest of South America. But Brazil joined the Allies in time to keep her country intact.

In these gigantic Hitler ambitions, this State of Rio Grande with its rich resources, modern cities and fine harbors, was especially vulnerable for two reasons: First, because of its large alien population that held no patriotism for the land they were born in; and second, because of the long revolutionary history of the State which has been many times in revolt against the central government.

But Rio Grandenses, as the native sons call themselves, are not all aliens or Nazis by any means. As a matter of fact, the wide cattle plains of Rio Grande were settled by Portuguese. Many of them came from Madeira Island and the Azores after quarreling with the government on the mainland. These hardy rebels early

mixed their blood with the Indians, a fierce tribe like the plains Indians of North America. So the resulting "gaucho" of Brazil is liberty-loving and fearless. And when one travels past the well-organized farms, with their hogs and dairy cows, grainfields, vineyards, highways, railroads, and busy activity, into cowboy land, there is an entirely different world. This is another Texas. Not the Texas of today full of dude ranches and moving-picture atmosphere, but the wild and woolly Texas of fifty years ago.

These Brazilian cowboys dress in wide, almost Turkish trousers, called *bombachas* which they tuck into the tops of high and often very fancy boots that rattle with big silver spurs. A broad belt often brilliant with metal holds up the baggy trousers and takes care of a gun, or at least a wicked knife in a leather scabbard—a sombrero held on by a chin strap, a gaudy handkerchief around the neck of a bright shirt, and a poncho complete the outfit. The trained cow pony, or *pingo*, is almost as gay, with fancy saddle blanket, silver-mounted bridle, and coiled lasso. On some ranches *bolas* are still in use—two or three strips of rawhide, with balls that wind around a steer's legs and throw him. They are also used for hunting emus, the small ostriches that run in flocks across the prairies.

The cowboys do not put on their fancy costumes to take part in rodeos or go to town in them to show off. There is no notion of playing up the romance and color, for there are no tourists to see it. They wear their own kind of clothes because they live on horseback and herd cattle, because they are gauchos and that is the proper way for them to dress. These Rio Grandenses are a big, powerful, gay race who have grown that way through generations in a rich land full of food, beef for strength and maté for vitamins. They have come down through several generations, fighting for their freedom, dancing their *rancheira*, singing their cowboy songs, and telling their remarkable stories for pleasure.

The gaucho speaks a colorful Portuguese that contains many Spanish words. Some of his songs are of Spanish origin. And he

plays his guitar with a staccato rhythm that is quite unlike the syncopation of the states to the north. Also, sometimes he sings in the falsetto voice of Moorish Spain.

But the gaucho is the first to deny that there is anything Spanish about him. Although Brazilians have settled on the other side of the Argentine line and Argentines have frequently moved over into Brazil, there have been so many border conflicts in the past that nationality on both sides is a matter of great pride and patriotism.

While Rio Grande was being handed back and forth between the Spaniards who first claimed it, and the few Portuguese settlers who tried to hold it, there were growing up on the rich grass of the high plains great herds of wild cattle and horses. No one knows how they first got there, since scientists have proved that there was never a horse nor a cow among the prehistoric animals of the Americas. It is supposed that these wild herds that ran over the interior of Rio Grande do Sul, were the descendants of a few who escaped from Spanish exploration parties that crossed and recrossed the state on their gold-hunting way to Paraguay. At any rate, when settlers pushed into the State they found in these animals a wealth greater than the gold the Spaniards had been looking for.

Before the days of big packing plants and refrigerated ships there was no way to get this meat to world markets. So the Indian method of drying venison and other game in the sun was taken over by the pioneers. They learned to salt it, as well, and called the product *xarque* in Portuguese, spelled *charque* in Spanish. It spread as far as Texas and Patagonia, where it is still one of the most practical ways of preserving beef. After it is boned, *xarque* is salted and stacked to cure, then salted again and hung on racks in the sun to dry. This alternating salting and drying goes on, according to the weather, until the sides of each steer are like two greasy thick comforters. After this the meat will keep for a long time. It is sent all over Brazil. Although local cattle districts, in

other states, produce great quantities of this dried beef, there is never enough, for a tasty piece of it must go into every properly prepared dish of black beans that nearly all Brazilians eat for their daily midday meal.

Gauchos all know how to make *xarque*, although much of it is now prepared in regular packing houses. Altogether half-a-million head of cattle are turned into dried beef every year. And this amount, plus the chilled meat prepared in the big refrigerating plants of Rio Grande, has raised Brazil to the fourth beef-producing country in the world.

Heavy European beef cattle have recently been introduced and crossed with the once wild range stock. And many modern improvements are leading Rio Grande do Sul into a new phase of cattle raising that parallels the history of Texas.

This Brazilian cow country is very interesting. But foreign travelers seldom visit it. In fact Santos is usually their southernmost point. Whether they came for business or pleasure, they consider the coast from Santos northward as the most attractive part of Brazil. And that is where you go from here.

CHAPTER VIII

*** Bahía ***

YOU HAVE now had brief glimpses of the greater part of Brazil's vast land. Perhaps you feel you have seen several Brazils, the watery Upper Amazon Valley, the vast wildernesses of the States of Amazonas, Mato Grosso, and Goiaz, the Capital of Rio de Janeiro with its culture and modern surroundings, industrial and agricultural São Paulo, the busy and up-to-date South. All of these are as unlike as regions can be, within the limits of a single nation. And now you are about to see still another Brazil.

North of Rio de Janeiro, around the bulge of Brazil, and on to the mouth of the Amazon River, are the old Brazilian cities with their historic architecture and ancient cultures. They are as different from each other as cities in the same nation can be. Each has its own traditions, its own type of inhabitants proud of their background. Even foreigners can pick them out on the streets of Rio de Janeiro and say offhand—by observing their features and their manners, or even listening to the accent of their Portuguese—whether they come from Bahía, Pernambuco, or Pará. Just as any one who knows Brazilians well, can tell a Paulista at sight, or a Rio Grandense. He had better not make a mistake, however, for not one of them wishes to be mistaken for the citizen of another state than his own. This is in contrast to the United States where almost any American is flattered by being thought a New Yorker.

There is plenty of sea transportation up this coast from Rio. After losing more than thirty ships sunk by German submarines, Brazil still has an impressive merchant marine of both government-owned and private shipping companies. The law requires every Brazilian ship to stop at one port in each state. And every

one of these ports is a shipping point for an entirely separate hinterland, with different products.

Besides, there are passenger and freight vessels of many nationalities that stop at two or more ports. These stops are directly on their routes to Europe and North America. There is no continuous rail transportation, except between Rio and Bahía. But a line runs out of Bahía for a thousand miles to a port of the São Francisco River. North from the Minas-Rio area the few railroads run inland only for short distances. The river systems are so extensive, and the coast shipping so well served, that railroads never had a chance. And now air traffic is growing so fast they will have another setback. National lines fly between Rio and Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon. And several foreign ones compete with these.

As you yourself fly northward, you only stop to fuel at Vitoria, the little capital of Espírito Santo. This port is now the outlet of the great steel mills at Volta Redonda, in the State of Rio de Janeiro. It is a picturesque old city with an ancient fortified monastery guarding it from an island in the bay.

Then on to Baía, or Bahía as both the state and city were written before Portuguese spelling was simplified. This city is beloved by both foreigners and Brazilians alike. It is a favorite of most North Americans because of the colorful old part of town, and the charm and gaiety of its inhabitants. Brazilians also love Bahía as the birthplace of their country's culture, for it was the national capital in the most exciting period of its history. In fact, in the rough, primitive days of colonization, Bahía was the one city of scholars and poets on the Atlantic coast. It was the Portuguese rival of elegant Spanish Lima, over in Peru.

Sugar and slaves made Bahía rich. The majority of the Portuguese slavers, bringing Negroes from Africa, landed there, making the city pre-eminently the center of that horrible trade. Tobacco was soon added to slaves and sugar. And wealth poured into the coffers of the Portuguese colonists. They built fine big

houses on their huge plantations, city mansions, government buildings, and above all churches.

Bahía, whose full name is São Salvador de Bahía de Todos os Santos, or Saint Savior of the Bay of all Saints, was the head of the Catholic religion in the New Portuguese World and it early became the city of churches. Today proud Bahians boast the possession of three hundred and sixty-five of them, one for each day of the year. Actually there are probably only a quarter of that number, but still enough to have a *feira* every day and keep the whole town in a perpetual state of celebration.

The front of one of Bahía's famous churches is completely covered with lacy carved stone. Several others have ornamented doors and fine exterior decorations, but most of them are very plain on the outside. Inside, however, they are ornamented in every spot that will hold a bit of carving or frame a painting. In the corridors and sacristies the walls are faced with magnificent *azulejos*, or "blue tiles." The Portuguese used these tiles for the most elaborate pictures. These are Bible stories, classical myths and symbolic representations, such as the five senses, and the four seasons. The "blue tiles" are not always blue, but come in all the pastel tints needed to work out floral designs. Such expensive decorations were brought out from Portugal in ships that returned with sugar and tobacco. And often their holds were filled with the Portuguese building stones and marbles that went into the church walls.

Some of these old churches are very beautiful, especially their interiors. These have fine wood carvings richly encrusted with gold leaf. Big monasteries, equally rich in carved furniture and decorations, still run schools for the education of Brazilian youth. And Bahía to this day is considered the best educational center by all the North of Brazil.

Old public buildings and private residences have simple exteriors, too. But inside, many of them are really museums of colonial treasures. They line the narrow cobbled streets that are only a

step from modern asphalt thoroughfares with smart shops, hotels and cafés.

Everywhere tile pictures, marble hand basins and fountains adorn the gardens and patios. Ceilings are extra high with ventilating grills around the edges. Tropical scenes are painted directly on the walls. Floors are of contrasting hardwoods, in stripes or parquet designs, waxed until they reflect like mirrors. Furniture is of black velvety jacaranda, or other precious woods. It is deeply carved, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, marble, or tortoise shell. The style and richness is completely Brazilian. A few pieces are covered with tooled leather, others with mosaic patterns of many-colored shining woods. Even ancient four-poster beds have highly decorated hides stretched across, to sleep on instead of a mattress.

Such are the treasures left from the past. And although old families in all the coast cities prize some of these relics, Bahía boasts of having the richest collections that have been kept together through family pride. But foreigners are not likely to have a chance to admire, for the inner circle of old families keep much to themselves.

Bahía grew rapidly in early days because of its lucky natural site. A portion of that steep ridge or shelf you have seen several times along the Atlantic Ocean farther south, was picked out for Bahía. This was because of the wonderful bay below, thirty miles square. Although pirates and other invaders kept early settlers busy, their city was safe and easy to defend, at least after they had built a dozen forts.

You see several of these forts still standing, as your plane circles down. Especially picturesque is one with a saintly name, São Marcelo, built in the year Boston was founded. It sits on a rock in the middle of the harbor, is completely round, and once bristled with cannon. You can see how this string of fortifications made Bahía so strong, as the curious and interesting form of the city begins to take shape below. For there is an upper town, on the

ridge studded with church steeples and towers, and a lower town on the narrow shores of the bay. Modern and busy docks are here with many ships being loaded. And the air is full of tropical smells, vanilla, chocolate beans, green coffee, castor-oil beans, tobacco, and sometimes, unfortunately, dried fish and *xarque*. Near by is the city market, one of the most interesting in Brazil, because of the booths of native handicrafts, and all the curious food display. For Bahía has a very special way of cooking, with dishes of her own that are famous all over the rest of Brazil. Restaurants near the market make a specialty of them.

Early pictures show zig-zag roads that once connected the lower and upper town. They were cruelly steep and uneven for both the heavily laden slaves and mules who carried burdens between the port and upper business section. These old cobbled roads still go almost straight up, with ancient houses perched along them. But modern Bahians pay to ride up and down in big efficient elevators that run up through cement towers, tall as skyscrapers. At the hours when business opens and closes, these elevators as well as two cable-car lines, have long lines of people waiting to be carried between their homes on the upper level, and the banks, offices and warehouses below.

Down here, too, are the institutions that keep Bahía so up to date, the Cacao Institute that boasts the most modern architecture, conducts experiments, and shows all the stages of chocolate growing and making.

And the Tobacco Institute does the same for Bahía's tobacco raising. It publicizes the very fine cigars made here that rival Havana's. Then there is the Commercial Institute or Chamber of Commerce, and the Produce Exchange.

But all of this section is not devoted to big business. On nearly every corner is one of the most interesting of small businesses. And it is run entirely by Negro women. Their tiny stores are simply trays, or folding tables and grills. They set them out on the sidewalk or in a doorway every morning, and carry them home

every night. And their stock is delicious snacks everybody seems to be munching at all hours. There are several kinds of candy, such as creamy *doce de leite*, made of sugar boiled with milk, and a sticky sweet called *cuscuz*, of coconut milk, sugar, grated coconut and tapioca flour.

Other stands are miniature cookshops where some special stew simmers, hot with chillies, fragrant with *dende* oil from a palm nut, and herbs from the big herb booths in the market. A dish of grated coconut stands by to sprinkle over each serving that is consumed on the spot. Still other pretty, black and brown women offer hot rolls of grated casava root crisply browned over charcoal. This is all typical Bahía cooking, originally brought from Africa.

But the most colorful characteristic of these street vendors is their costume. It came from Africa, too, and is still in use in the Soudan. They wear long, very full, ruffled skirts of bright or flowered cotton, a transparent jacket of white lawn and lace, gay mules with French heels, and a turban or kerchief on their heads. Once, when they were prized slaves of rich Bahía families, they were loaded down with gold jewelry. But now their many bead necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings are the kind Carmen Miranda wears in her impersonation of them. The most curious detail about this holdover costume is the folded scarf that drapes over the left shoulder. It is for show rather than warmth, in this hot climate. This is all that is left of the voluminous head and face covering of their Mohammedan ancestors in Africa, who were always veiled and never allowed to uncover their faces in public.

Nothing shows better than this costume where these Bahian negresses came from, nor the pride they take in their ancestry. For Bahía homes always had the first choice of the slaves that were brought to her shores. The Bahianos, as Bahía residents proudly call themselves, paid especially high prices for people of the most cultured African nations. Slave merchants always had orders in advance for any aristocrats they were able to buy or steal, and for

women of good family and refinement who could be used as housekeepers and companions. Here the "Mãe Preta," Black Mother, corresponding to our Southern mammy, was most appreciated. Her children were educated with the children of their owners. Frequently they married into master families. And since many of these had a strain of Indian blood from the earliest days, the race of Bahians became well mixed long ago. To show their racial equality, some of the finest scholars, statesmen, and professional men in Brazil have come out of this mixture. Thus, Bahia being such a melting pot, the people you see in the streets are of all complexions, but the average is much darker than that of Rio de Janeiro.

Bahia was the chief city of Brazil's past. Even when Rio de Janeiro took its place as the national capital it remained very important. But when coffee made Minas Gerais, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro rich, Bahia never caught up with them. Nevertheless, the general farming of the rich State of Bahia brings up its average, for in addition to tobacco, hogs and cattle, cotton and sugar, Bahia raises the best citrus fruits in the world and holds another record by producing eighty-seven different kinds of beans. She exports such unusual things as palm fibres for brooms and other industries, castor oil, carnauba wax from the palm of that name, salt, and black diamonds. These are not the diamonds set in jewelry, although Bahia has those too, but the commercial kind used for drill points. There are big deposits of iron and manganese, and some of Brazil's best petroleum fields. Thus Bahia has continued to hold a high place in Brazil's economy.

But all of the rich products of Bahia do not reach the beautiful Bay of All Saints. For this lucky state is blessed with a river that is as good in its way as the Amazon, the Rio São Francisco. This is a curious stream in many ways. It is one of the few great rivers of the world that runs northward. For this reason it is called the Brazilian Nile, and also because it has a yearly overflow in the wet season. Then it spreads out like a lake over both banks. When

the flood goes down there is a deposit of silt all over the land. So Bahia's fields have been kept as rich as those along the Nile, even after centuries of farming.

The São Francisco River rises in the heart of Minas Gerais. And when it reaches the port town called Pirapora, it becomes an important water highway. For Pirapora is connected by a short railway and a motor road with the wealthy mining districts. From here it flows on through the State of Bahia, parallel to the Atlantic Ocean. Another service of this great river is carrying produce of farms and ranches to market, where there are neither roads nor railroads. Eventually it becomes the boundary between Bahia and Pernambuco. Here it makes an abrupt right turn southeast, and finally enters the Atlantic as the boundary between the little states of Alagoas and Sergipe. But at the corner of Alagoas the navigability of the São Francisco ends abruptly in the enormous Paulo Affonso Falls. This, like the Iguassú, is another Brazilian Niagara. It has so many rapids above that it could furnish water power to run all the industries of South America. At the top of the falls the river bursts through precipices of granite, cuts deep polished gorges that drop it 250 feet, with brilliant displays of force and color. Its beauty will bring tourists in flocks some day.

Below the falls the river takes its leisurely way to the Atlantic for another two hundred miles, making the entire length over eighteen hundred miles.

In some parts of the São Francisco, rapids and sandbars make it impossible for big boats to pass. So there is a special type of cargo sailboat for taking freight all the way to the falls. These boats carry up to fifty tons. A crew of a dozen men pole them when there is no wind, or get them off when they stick on sandbars. A round trip takes as long as two months. The men live on the boat and sleep under palm-thatch roofs. When they are not in the water, pushing the boat, or pulling it along by a rope they fasten to trees, they tell each other stories and sing songs of the river.

Some of these stories are about monsters in the waters, that no

one has ever seen. One of them is a gigantic worm, like a sea serpent, that lives in underground rivers which are common here. He comes out at night to tear down bridges and open up great cracks for boats to fall into. The *compadre*, boatman's comrade, looks like a man until he opens his mouth and you see that inside he is a fish. He hides around the docks and does all the mischief he can think of. These, and many other supernatural creatures are always lying in wait for the sailors. So on the bow of each boat, is a figurehead carved out of wood to protect them. It is a cross between a man and a dragon with big all-seeing eyes. And it stays awake while the crew sleeps.

Although cross waterways connect the São Francisco Valley with the basin of the Amazon, there is little actual communication between them. The São Francisco has a life all its own, its own customs, legends, songs, and festivals. It has a wild background. In its long frontier history that is still going on, explorers battled with Indians. Robber barons swooped down on ranches that were like forts. It took a week to ride across one, and the cowboys could be rounded up in a small army. These cowboys dressed in home-tanned leather from hat to sandals, and still do. Miners traveling with a fortune in gold from Minas, had it taken away by river crooks, or lost it on card games.

Most of these events are only legend now. But they give the State of Bahia a setting of moving-picture glamor.

CHAPTER IX

*** The Northeast ***

THE VERY WIDE mouth of the São Francisco River cuts off Bahía and its tiny sister state, Sergipe, from the bulge of Brazil. Everything north of the river's mouth is different, for Sergipe, smallest of Brazilian states, is the last in the sub-tropical areas. Once across the river, you are in equatorial regions again. On the Bulge these include the small States of Alagoas, Pernambuco, Paraíba, and Rio Grande do Norte. And the two somewhat larger states of Ceará and Piauí.

You are used to seeing heights rise almost out of the sea, leaving but a narrow strip of lowland. Here the coast suddenly changes. There is a line of reefs off shore. These are mostly coral, and keep ships from drawing near where there are no man-made ports. The tides dash over them and result in long and dangerous swells. White surf, and white sands, fringed with coconut palms, give the Northeast its characteristic look.

Of all this group of states, Pernambuco is the acknowledged leader. It was not only the first to have a successful settlement, but was the mother of sugar cane in the New World, for the original plants were brought here from the Island of Madeira, in 1533. The cultivation spread down the coast all the way to Rio de Janeiro in one great cane field. And Pernambuco never gave up her national leadership in sugar production, which she has kept until this day.

The City of Recife, Reef (often called Pernambuco), officially is the capital of the state, and is by far the most important port of this coast. In population it is the third city of Brazil and the port where practically all foreign ships stop—for they must sail

around this bulge to be on their way either to Europe or North America.

Recife is built on islands and peninsulas that are a part of the system of reefs that give it its name. It is often called the Venice of Brazil, for canals and waterways connected with the sea cut right through the heart of town, and bridges are used to get from one piece of land to the next. This is the only big Brazilian city without mountains and hills. Instead there are low swampy lands actually covered with water during high tide. Once these formed some of the world's worst slums, where families lived in make-shift shacks on stilts. They were lucky if they had a raised path through the muck to their doors. Children, during high water, waded around their own yards catching crabs that formed an important part of the diet.

Foreigners have always been delighted with the looks of Pernambuco. Its colorful bridges and canals, pretty parks, modern business district, ancient churches, and cool suburbs are charming. But they found the slums distressing.

Finally the Pernambucans themselves, who seemed to have been blind before, started to fill in and drain the worst of this disgrace to their city. And a new housing program has replaced many of the miserable dwellings with tiny but sanitary living quarters.

Coming here directly from Bahía, you are conscious of the sharp contrast between the two cities. Yet both are much more Brazilian in their atmosphere than the capital and cities to the south. Bahía is a hill town with a typically Brazilian natural harbor and lovely tropic islands. Recife is a waterways town, with islands, too, but a man-made harbor inside the reefs.

In Bahía, small sailing and motorboats bring in local fruits and produce, and they huddle around docks reserved for them. In Pernambuco the same kind of craft form part of the city landscape, for their gay sails and painted hulls float up and down the canals through the business districts. They bring in the wonderful mangoes and pineapples that Pernambuco is noted for, and

they unload almost anywhere. Their brown boatman add to the color of the crowds.

Here one sees many *jangadas*, fishermen's rafts. They moor calmly in any narrow stream right in the city. And the crew dozes after days and nights of danger out at sea, beyond the sight of land.

These *jangadas* are used only in this northern part of Brazil, for here the coast is so treacherous and rollers so high an ordinary boat cannot be beached. The sea rafts are made by fastening together six logs of balsa wood, almost as light as cork. The under sides are shaved off at both ends so they can be easily pulled up on the beaches. A single mast is held in a wooden framework, and it comes down with its sail when not in use. Near the stern is a bench where the fishermen sit, with the waves usually washing over the lower part of their legs. So they always have their pants rolled up to the knees. In between is another framework with a notch to hold the boom. Baskets for the fish they catch, gourds of fresh water, and food for several days are tied fast here. Nets and fishing tackle are also lashed down.

From the great ocean liners passing up and down this coast you can sight these frail rafts far from shore, looking like a bit of wreckage in the distance. At night passengers see their bobbing lanterns, for they fish around the clock. There is no way to rest or sleep on these rafts. The sharks follow them constantly for they hope one of the fishermen will be washed overboard, as happens sometimes. These *jangadeiros* or *jangada* sailors, are the most reckless and bravest men who ever put to sea. But they surely look gentle enough as they doze in the sun while one of their number bargains to get the best price for their fish in the Pernambuco market. Afterward they will go home to their brightly painted houses under the palms, to take naps under the thatched roofs. And most likely they will dance the *Cocô* all night, to celebrate before taking off again.

There is little along the double water fronts of Recife to record

the fact that the town was founded by the Dutch. During the hard struggle that Holland made to get a foothold in Brazil, this was the only section where she had comparative success. The original settlement of Olinda, How Beautiful, was a hundred years old when the Dutch fleet arrived in 1637, and burned it.

Olinda was set on a bluff, the sort of site the Portuguese picked for all of their towns. As you approach Recife, the old churches, new homes, and beaches of historic Olinda, are probably the first things you see. For it is still the most important suburb. But it was almost as large and just as pretty when Recife began on the beach with only a collection of fishermen's shacks.

After Count Maurice of Nassau arrived to be the Dutch governor, he liked the low-lying island and peninsula better, because it reminded him of Holland. So he sent back home to have a plan made for a great capital just below Olinda. In the ten years he ruled, he built a real Dutch town.

Finally Portuguese settlers along the coast, with the help of armed Portuguese ships, drove the Dutch out. And eventually the Dutch appearance of the city changed to Portuguese, with the exception of a few old warehouses.

The town soon outstripped Olinda, which was rebuilt but was left to the plantation owners for their town homes. And Recife, growing rich on the export of sugar, and later on cotton and tobacco, built churches, mansions and public parks rivaling those of Bahia. To still remind the Pernambucans of the Dutch are several of their ancient forts that tourists visit. A number of the oldest Pernambuco families boast of Dutch ancestry, for as always happened in Brazil, after every invasion, aliens who had learned to love the land stayed behind and became Brazilians. The same spirit that arose to oust the Hollanders has always made Pernambuco a militant state. Printing presses were hidden in the basement of a church to give the people education when the Portuguese forbade printing. Pernambuco's movement for Independence coincided with that of Minas. But, being farther away, it

was able to secede from the Portuguese kingdom headed by Dom João VI in Rio. So Pernambuco declared itself a republic. An election was held. But the officials as well as other leaders were hanged, when Portuguese troops took the town. Chief among these martyrs was a Catholic monk, Frei Caneca, the Tiradentes of the North. Pernambuco courage came out again in the fight against dictatorship and Fascism. The people of Recife were among the first in Brazil to organize and voice the resistance that soon spread over the entire country and ended fifteen years of oppression.

Even though there were a dozen ways to go from Recife to Natal, you would want to go by plane. For Natal, which means Christmas, became one of the great world air crossways during World War II. It was the point the Nazis picked for one of their planned invasions by air, for it is only sixteen hundred miles from Africa. That Hitler dream was ended, however, when Brazil declared war on the Axis, and the United States financed the great airfields that became the jumping-off spot for U. S. troops on their way to Africa and Italy. It was a key airport for war strategy.

Natal is the capital of Rio Grande do Norte. It was founded on Christmas Day, 1599, and until the war it was a sleepy old town. It still has more colonial than modern buildings, and its inhabitants took life in slow tropical fashion. Then the War suddenly waked it up. Thousands of workers moved in. Brazilian and American technicians arrived with their staffs. It was not long before there was a swarm of soldier engineers, radio signal stations, war barracks and a vast airfield in action. The air was clouded with land planes, and hosts of hydroplanes came to roost in the great coconut groves that grow right down to the sea's edge.

Back of Natal is the only mountainous region of this coast, and in between is the usual tropical farming country devoted to cattle, sugar, cotton and rice.

After leaving Natal, which is the most eastern point in the

hemisphere, you must turn northwest to follow the Brazilian coast line. Just at the edge of this state you will touch one of the most curious puzzles of Brazilian geography, for within the upper side of the Bulge lies a dry stretch of land that on the map looks like a pocket hanging down from the coast between Natal and Fortaleza, the capital of Ceará. This is the South American Sahara. But instead of being completely rainless, it usually has just enough rain to keep farming and stock raising alive. Then, unexpectedly, along comes a *sêca*, or dry spell that may last up to two years without a drop of water. Everything dries up, cattle die, and wise people leave while they still have the strength. Those who remain, starve.

Although this pocket looks small in comparison with the great size of Brazil, it occupies a good part of Ceará and Rio Grande do Norte, and extends down the western backs of the States of Paraíba and Pernambuco, right into the middle of Bahia where it widens out behind the São Francisco River. Bordering territories around it are given to droughts, too, enough to keep inhabitants worried. But they are never so disastrous as those in the dry pocket.

The building of great dams and storage lakes has been suggested and undertaken. The first great drought so shocked Dom Pedro II, and his Empress that they gave the crown jewels to start a fund to buy food for the refugees. And since then in all parts of Brazil, but especially in the Amazon regions, unfortunate victims have settled after fleeing from their homes in the dry years.

The continual scarcity of rain has produced a strange landscape. It is not unlike the mesquite country of the North American Southwest. Sparse grass lands are scattered over with spiny, curious, twisted and dwarfed trees that lose their foliage during rainless seasons. Their bleached trunks and limbs look more like bony skeletons than vegetation. And when they are completely bare, they shoot out white and yellow spikes of blossom that become covered with dust. Cattle range far and wide to get a scanty

living, but grow fat when the land springs to life after a heavy but infrequent storm.

The inhabitants of the *sertão* as the Northwest interior is called, are just as strange as one would expect. For the tough country has bred a *vaqueiro*, cowboy, to go with it. He can take anything. His skin is leathery brown and his clothes are all of leather. Everything he has is of goat or cow hide, grown gray with dust and stiff with drought. Even his horse wears this leather armor. For both must chase after cattle through the thorny underbrush that would tear clothing and horseflesh to ribbons. These *vaqueiros* have straight and very black hair because they are more than half Indian. They are quick with a knife or trigger, intelligent and resourceful. But when riding along they look like the laziest and sleepest people in the world, until something happens. Their *sertão* has contributed wonderful fighters for Brazilian liberty, as well as bandits, and tyrannical ranch owners. Some of the big ranchers own many square miles of range, including whole towns, that they run as they like. In former times, these owners went to war with each other, over cattle or personal quarrels, and their armies were made up of every man who lived on their land.

Knowing about the interior of Ceará, it is a great surprise to find that Fortaleza, Fort, the capital of the state, is a completely modern city. Although small, it has skyscrapers, an up-to-date hotel and shops that look like Rio de Janeiro. Irrigation makes the parks and public squares bloom like an oasis.

You will prefer to make the hop from Natal to Fortaleza by plane. Sea-going passengers have a hard time getting ashore, for there is no harbor. Ships anchor a mile or so from the shore. One jumps from the gangway into a launch that rolls beside the ship in the long swells. And boatmen help by lifting women and children down in safety. But this is nothing, compared to climbing out of that bobbing tender onto the slippery steps when it reaches Fortaleza's iron pier. Many passengers are caught by one of the

big waves before they can scramble out of its reach, and they arrive in the city, wet to the knees.

Formerly, nearly all the landings along this reef-broken part of the seacoast were like this. Old travelers remember the thrill of landing in Pernambuco before the harbor was deepened. The regular procedure was to step into a basketlike cage. This was swung out over the ship's side and lowered with hair-raising speed by the winches. The cage was dropped into a waiting barge where it was opened to let the scared victim out. When all passengers had been transferred, the barge chugged across the open sea and entered one of the city's calm canals.

All Ceará will some day blossom under irrigation, already she has a great variety of products besides cattle. Her best crop is probably long-staple cotton. And out of this has risen two unusual home industries, handmade pillow laces sold all over Brazil, and the hammocks that the entire North sleeps in.

The long French struggle to get a foothold in Brazil in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has left almost no relics on the entire coast except the city of São Luiz. French buccaneers, who needed a headquarters for their raids, founded the settlement in 1612 and named it Saint Louis for Louis XIII. They picked out an island between two bays which sheltered and, if necessary, hid their ships. And there they built a truly French town. The Portuguese took it away from them and turned it into a proper Portuguese colonial port.

After its French start, São Luiz has managed to retain a personality quite different from all other Brazilian cities. Its inhabitants are as proud of this distinction as they are of their pure Portuguese speech and culture. The State of Maranhão has been the birthplace of many gifted men, poets, writers, and statesmen, who were educated in the schools of São Luiz.

This old capital city also boasts the largest and one of the oldest cathedrals in Brazil, and many picturesque colonial buildings.

Narrow ancient streets combine with modern broad avenues and parks to make it most attractive to visitors.

In the old days wealth came from the importation of slaves for the North of Brazil, and from tropical plantation products. But today the outstanding industry is the collection and preparation of babassu palm nuts. These palms grow wild in great groves in Maranhão and the neighboring State of Piauí. Oil from the nuts is used for food, soap making, lubricating machinery, and as a fuel.

Very soon after the Portuguese took São Luiz, the Commercial Company of Pará and Maranhão was formed in Portugal. It was like the Dutch East India Company that was making Holland rich. With the Portuguese King and Court back of it, the Commercial Company soon became so powerful in ships and soldiers, that the colonies of Pará and Maranhão were helpless. Their produce could only go to Portugal at prices fixed by the Company. Goods they needed from Europe were also a Company monopoly. The planters of Maranhão rebelled. But Portuguese troops were sent in. They overcame the colonists and their army of slaves, the leaders were executed, and the Company continued until 1780.

Thus Pará and Maranhão were friends in misery from the earliest times. And since the two neighbor states resemble each other in many other ways, they are still closely associated, especially along their adjoining coasts.

The capital of Pará, like other coast capitals, is often spoken of by the name of the state. Its real name, however, is Nossa Senhora de Belém do Grão Pará, or Our Lady of Bethelhem of Great Pará. Or just Belém for short. It will be your last stop, for it is the most northern seaport of Brazil, being only two degrees south of the Equator.

Although it is only a short flight from São Luiz to Belém, it is more interesting to arrive by boat. For that way you see something of one of the great mouths of the Amazon River. The water of the river colors the ocean yellow for many miles before the

ship actually enters its mouth. And then you sail for eighty miles up the stream. The Island of Marajó on the right, which is almost as big as France, and tropical shores on the left, are quite different from the Amazon you saw at Manaus. So are the boats plying between Marajó Island and the mainland. Many have colored sails and gracefully built hulls that make a pretty picture.

But whether you come by ship or plane, the outstanding first sight is the great landing field of World War II, that makes Belém Brazil's chief airport. Then follows the charming and very foreign skyline of the city itself. Ancient church towers and old red roofs rise against green trees and bright cloud effects. In spite of Belém living up to the modernity of its airfield, the town was founded before Boston. And it still manages to keep a delightful mixture of old world views and lush tropics. Its wide avenues are lined with mango trees hung with orchids. Gardens bloom in the middle of the city. At the edge of town is the most lovely ancient forest, that has been turned into a park with enchanted walks where macaws sit and orchids bloom. And the waterfront has a gem of a small-boat harbor. Here are moored the boats with red, yellow, brown and blue sails. It is called *Ver o Peso*, See the Weight, because of the scales set up to catch smugglers who used to sell some of their cargo before paying port taxes. Scenes around this little port are always lively. Altogether, next to Bahía, Belém is a city for painters.

Except for the middle of the day when all business and shops close and everybody goes home for lunch and a nap—it is not as hot as you expected. There is usually a lovely breeze. And during the rainy season, a shower comes pouring down every afternoon to cool the air and asphalt. But various signs show you are practically on the Equator. Ships are loading rubber, Brazil nuts, tonca beans, and other products you have not seen since leaving Manaus. The people, too, are quite different from Southerners. Many of them have Indian blood, which shows in well-cut features, tanned skins, and hair that is straight and blue-black.

Nearly all the men dress in white. They stroll slowly along the streets and sit lazily in the cafés. They take plenty of time to do everything. They are not gay and fiesta-loving like Bahians, nor busy and bustling like Pernambucans. Belém has had many periods of riches, and again of going broke, as happened when the rubber trade was lost. So the Paraenses, as citizens of Pará are called, take everything philosophically.

Great prosperity in the past gave Pará many sons who went to school in Europe. They learned to speak half a dozen languages and are citizens of the world. At the same time, they are proud of their city and all its ways. And they are especially proud of the contribution Pará has made to tropical science. Their old Göeldi Museum has priceless collections of prehistoric Indian pottery from Marajó and the Tapajoz River, and its zoo contains specimens of wild life from all over the Amazon Valley. They are being constantly studied by resident and visiting scientists.

The longer visitors remain in Belém, the better they like it. And Paraenses have a tricky saying to prove this:

"Quem para para Pará para."

He who comes to Pará stays.

But finally you tear yourself away. You wing homeward over the wild and wet cattle ranges of Marajó, and the dozens of other islands in the mouth of the Amazon. And the last you see of Brazil is the Territory of Amapá, along the Guiana border. It is a lush and rich jungle, inhabited mostly by Indians. From the air it looks much like that other Territory of Rio Branco where you came into this country, a thousand miles up the Amazon Valley.

CHAPTER X

*** Customs of the People ***

BRAZILIANS live a modern life for they are, above all, Americans. So they love new inventions, up-to-date clothes, slang, the latest jokes, music and world news. Radios and movie houses and all big city novelties have penetrated the remotest villages, along with fashion magazines—even issues a couple of months late coming often by canoe or muleback.

An interesting little story shows how sophisticated even backwoods people are these days. An American missionary nurse—on one of the least-traveled Amazon tributaries, several days by launch or canoe beyond the last steamer stop—thought she would treat one of the children of this isolated place to an exciting city visit. She chose a little brown girl of ten who was unusually intelligent and pretty, but had never seen a town. The child and her family were delighted, of course. And with the help of the local seamstress, a little going-away outfit was prepared. Materials appeared from somewhere and, naturally, that dressmaker had a sewing machine, shipped all the way from North America. For it is hard to find a neighborhood without a Singer except among the wildest Indians.

On the long trip down the rivers, the missionary grew very fond of the child. And when at last they arrived in Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon, she was more excited than the little girl about what the first impressions would be.

From the moment they left the dock, everything was completely new, the paved sidewalks, streets, café, stores, tall buildings, automobiles, busses and streetcars. Never before had the little girl seen anything except footpaths and simple little houses,

mostly of palm leaves. But she scarcely showed surprise. She just marched along beside her American friend as if she had lived here all her life. Of course some of this was pride. She did not want to be thought an ignorant country child. But the chief reason for her apparent unconcern was that she had seen it all in the scratched but still adequate films which had reached her village. And yet everything she saw was registering. When the time came she did not want to go back to her little river home, although she was lonely for her family. And when finally she reached home again she took back all the big city ideas she had learned.

In the big cities there is little that is quaint. But, as you have seen, they have their separate historic backgrounds and individuality, just like Boston, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco. Life within the apartment houses in Brazil is about the same as in similar houses in North America. All are overcrowded, without enough postwar living space to go around. But Brazil is more used to this condition because her big families always have houses filled to overflowing, ever since the *casas grandes*, manor houses of slave days.

In fact, the size of families is a difference that North Americans notice at once in Brazil. As soon as you make the acquaintance of the friendly Brazilians, they will ask you all about your family and tell you about theirs. It was not uncommon for couples, who are now middle-aged, to have a dozen children. And if the father and mother each had a dozen or so brothers and sisters, you can see how many cousins there must be. Multiply these another generation back and the second cousins can hardly be counted, let alone third and fourth cousins. The descendants of one man who arrived in Brazil a hundred years ago, are likely to number thousands. And there would be many more if tropical epidemics had not destroyed so many people during past generations. After most of these diseases were conquered, immigrations and natural big family increases have given Brazil a phenomenal growth.

This is very well illustrated by the fact that in 1940 the population was thirty times that of 1890, just half a century before.

A patriarchal custom still exists, as well, of including godfathers and godmothers in the family circle. And these are real people—not fairy godmothers—who take their responsibilities seriously. At the baptism of every baby in Brazil its godparents promise to be fully responsible for the upbringing of the child if its parents lose their money or die. And all godparents remain forever very close to their godchildren. In old-fashioned circles, the head of a family became the godfather to the children of servants and employees and thus took on the responsibility of educating them. So at all family festivals godparents are almost as important as the blood relations who gather around.

The custom of sending boys away to school and later abroad to finish their education, has scattered the sons of every generation, for they come back to settle in Rio de Janeiro or their own state capital and seldom go back to the home farm or small settlement. Thus it is quite usual to hear a mother in some small town say that she has a son in each of half a dozen states and she visits them all in turn or they come home in flocks for holidays. Such visiting around and back and forth by all members of Brazil's big families makes traveling always crowded on steamships, river boats, planes, trains and busses.

All the generations of every family remain devoted to each other for life and the feeling of brothers and sisters for each other is specially strong. For when there are many children together they defend, protect and care for each other. Thus they become deeply attached. The youngest is everybody's darling. It is never allowed to cry. For baby is always in the arms of some older member of the family, a godparent or servant. They enjoy teaching it to shake hands before it can talk, and to say "How do you do?" and "I'm very well, thank you," as soon as it can lisp. And what is always funny to North Americans, to motion you away with the

hand which means "Come here" and to wave goodbye in the opposite gesture to ours.

They all mind the baby's manners and teach each one as it comes along, in turn, to be good. They play with it like a doll and admire everything it says and does. Thus every child grows up surrounded by love, has the nicest manners, no self-consciousness and no fears. Older children tell younger ones everything they know, and it is quite common to see a youngster of six coming home to teach a brother or sister of four all of the day's lessons at school.

This results in a feeling of obligation and respect that is unusual, even in other sunny parts of South America. In fact the word "respect," is a very important one in everybody's daily life. *Falta de respeito*, means that a person lacks respect for others and it is one of the worst criticisms that can be made of anybody. A lack of respect for a father or mother is simply not tolerated by friends and the community. Thus the father, and in a lesser degree the mother, has authority over the affairs and lives even of the grown-up children. This is especially true on big plantations and in families where the sons go into the father's business. It never occurs to the sons, let alone the daughters, to question the father's decisions.

Since the families are so large, cousins frequently marry. For there is a whole society of relatives who come together for graduations from school, weddings, birthday parties, saints' days and other holidays. They never need to go outside the circle for their good times. Because of this, and the fact that boys and girls go to separate schools, often there is little opportunity to meet other young people. Such engagements come along naturally. And parents like this, for it keeps the property together. But it has gone out of fashion to try to force marriages on the children.

A hundred and fifty years ago things were quite different. The Portuguese brought from Europe an almost Oriental way of life. Because they had lived for five hundred years under their Moorish

conquerors, who had established harems and various despotic customs and laws governing the family, women lived practically as slaves. The husband simply did not consider his wife. The daughters were married off to their father's business friends or older relatives without thinking of their wishes. The father was king. And the family house was a prison. The head of the household only let the women out for Mass or a church festival, when he lined them up, all modestly veiled, and marched at the head of the procession—the servants following. And when he had to go to Europe on business, he shut up his wife and daughters in a convent until he came back months afterward.

That was long ago. The modern Brazilian man is noted among Latin Americans for his chivalry and courtesy toward women, and is an indulgent husband and father. He is proud of his daughters who study for a career, listens to his wife's opinions and wishes, and encourages her to vote, although he still thinks it is right for him to control her property, and seldom trusts her with much cash or her personal bank account. Some of the old Portuguese laws are still on the books, if not in force. And Brazil still denies divorce to her citizens.

The old ways are rapidly passing. And young couples start out with a modern understanding of marriage. Their ideal is an air-conditioned apartment with a luxurious bathroom done in colored tiles, the latest electric equipment in the kitchen, a super radio to pick up North American music, and a beach near-by for sea bathing and swimming. This requires more income than the average young couple have, even among the well-to-do. So maybe after all, they must be patient and live with the parents. And, of course, the poor cannot even dream of such luxury.

With smaller living quarters, more modern kitchens, and a scarcity of servants in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, city eating habits are changing to more quickly cooked meals. But throughout most of Brazil a big family *almoço*, luncheon, in the middle of the day is the rule, and it is started as soon as breakfast coffee is

off the stove. In the central section, the necessary twin foods for the *almoço* are black beans and rice. The beans are a bit soupy, cooked with a piece of *xarque*, if the family can afford it. The rice is dry, with flecks of tomato and herbs. And the beans are used like a gravy, poured over the rice and well mixed. This makes one dish called *arroz e feijão*. And instead of a man's earning his bread and butter, he gains his *arroz e feijão*. On special occasions, the beans become a *feijoada*, or black beans cooked with various smoked and salt meats, beef tongue, pig's tail, bacon, pig's feet, and any others the cook fancies. This universal dish is supposed to be of African origin. But the *farinha de mandioca*, manioc meal, that is sprinkled over the combination, is pure Brazilian Indian. A poisonous variety of manioc is grated, then pressed to extract all the liquid. When as dry as possible, it is roasted until the poison has been driven off by heat; then it is ready for the market. A pretty covered bowl of polished wood full of *farinha* sits on every table. And although it is insipid to a foreigner, it enhances the flavor of many dishes for the Brazilian taste.

Another daily necessity is little thin beefsteaks, well pounded and usually fried. Before the War made a meat shortage, a pair of these tiny *bifes* was a serving, with a fried egg on each, called "eggs on horseback." The popular dessert, everywhere and always, is another twin consisting of cheese, with quince or guava paste—very sweet and so thick it must be cut with a knife.

Local eating depends, of course, on racial background. The south has German sausages, sauerkraut, and Italian and Polish dishes near the coast. And back in the cow country the specialty is *churrasco*, beef roasted on a spike over coals. In the towns, *churrasco* becomes grilled beefsteak. The Rio de Janeiro zone has the most sophisticated cooking from all over the country, with strong leanings toward French dishes in restaurants and fine houses. The Bahia regions boast of their African dishes. They cook with the milk of grated coconut, flavor with strange seasonings and much chili pepper. A typical dish is *vatapá*, made of chicken or fish, with shrimps and coconut milk, thickened with corn meal,

enriched with *dendê* oil as thick as butter, and made biting with peppers. It looks like lumpy cornmeal breakfast cereal, and is served with a cube of cold, unsweetened, tapioca flour pudding set in the center of each hot dish. *Muqueca* is a favorite Bahian thick soup, made out of salt fish shredded finer than sewing silk. Coconut milk and *dendê* oil are added for flavor. *Caruru* is another Bahian soup, thick and viscid with okra, something like a New Orleans gumbo. There are a dozen other regional dishes just as individual.

Farther north, especially at Belém and up the Amazon, the most characteristic specialty is Indian pepperpot—as it is called in English in the neighboring islands and the Guianas. But in Brazil its name is *tucupy*, an Indian word that covers all the dishes made with the boiled juice of the manioc root, used as a cooking sauce. There is duck *tucupy*, turtle *tucupy*, and so forth. There are many other ways of preparing the meat of the huge Amazon turtles as well as their eggs. Seacow preserved in its own fat and called *mixira* is greatly prized in the Amazon, but it has become too expensive except for great occasions.

All of Brazil is blessed with fruits, not only the durable tropical ones that reach northern markets, such as pineapples, avocados, bananas, and oranges, but literally dozens of exotic kinds that are too delicate to ship. Each section of the country has its own varieties that do not grow anywhere else.

Although regions differ in their foods and in other respects, likenesses are in many cases stronger than differences. And nation wide customs are proudly shared by all. One of these ties that binds all of Brazil together is the Carnival. Every city and state has its special festivals, with dancing and feasting in honor of the patron saint, or a local patriotic holiday. For the Portuguese, Indians and Africans were alike in loving feasts, music and dancing. So Brazil's Carnival is a whole-hearted, hectic celebration that takes place from the Amazon to Rio Grande do Sul, with the entire population from babies to grandparents all dancing at once.

People save their money for Carnival months in advance. And the fun begins to work up about Christmas time, with stories about the plans of Carnival groups and clubs running in the newspapers. Soon composers begin writing new songs. Cafés and theater orchestras, radio stations, clubs and families try them out. Then the snappiest and most rhythmic become popular, much as musical hits in North America take on. Everybody is singing them, getting together to practice. There are week-end dances to the new music. Block parties, *cordões*, marching groups, *samba schools*, and *ranchos*, ranches, invent their costumes. The big clubs, called *Democráticos*, Democrats, *Tenentes de Diabo*, Lieutenants of the Devil, and *Finianos*, Finians, plan their floats in secret for the extravagant procession in which each club tries to outdo the others. These are the names of the chief Carnival organizations in Rio, where the festival is the biggest and best. Sewing machines whirr in all homes, for even the baby must have his little ruff and clown suit, so he can jump up and down in his daddy's arms to the music.

Then on the Sunday before Lent, everything begins. For three days, until the midnight before Ash Wednesday, all Brazil dances until it is ready to drop. People sing until their voices are reduced to whispers, and race about shooting *lança perfume*, perfumed ether, at each other out of squirt guns, throwing confetti and paper streamers ankle-deep everywhere. They snatch a few hours rest during the morning hours, and take scarcely any time to eat because regular meals are simply forgotten.

Then suddenly it all ends, with nothing left but bedraggled costumes, memories and stories that are told until the next Carnival comes along. Everybody has been orderly and polite while the maddest, biggest party ever seen was going on. Only Brazilians could continue being so considerate and mannerly, or have the energy to keep up the enthusiasm for so long. And this more or less proves that they are among the most intense, gayest, and sweetest-natured people on earth.

THE END

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